The SATURDAY EVENING POST

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HE LIES SO LOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The woods are full of dying bloom,
And grieving winds are straying
Around the summer's garnished tomb;
The voices of the haying
Are hushed along the sedgy slough,
The quail mourns the long cornfields through,
A murmur as of praying
Floats where the dreaming woodlands go—
He cannot heed what I am saying,
He lies so low!

I know he must have wildly thought,
In that last hour of dying,
Of our own valley woodland-locked,
And gazed, in tearful sighing,
O'er that broad land so strange and new;
And yearned for skies o'er mountains blue,
And wild-birds swiftly flying
O'er airy crags. He cannot know
Or meet with grieved replying,
He lies so low!

That I should weep above his grave,
Where prairie flowers are burning,
As the long summers come and go,
To him no more returning,
We never thought in those sweet days,
Bathed in glad springtide's tender haze,
And filled with youthful yearning;
We loved, we sang, we revelled so!
And now in Life's glad mourning,
He lies so low.

Glow ye weird sunsets, trail your gold
Across the purple heaven!
Your note of sorrow, mourning dove,
Wail to the list'ning even!
Watch ye pale violets by his head,
Sing birds your requiem o'er my dead,
The while to me 'tis given
To feel the dull years come and go;
For him to bear a heart bereaven,
Who lies so low.

MRS. M. E. CLARKE.

UNDER A BAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "CLAUDIA," "CUT ADRIFT," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER I.

A MYSTERY.

"Mr. Thorndike has come back. He will be here to supper. Rachel, I depend upon you to have every thing in order."

Rachel Garth bowed her head at these words of her father.

"And—you may as well have fire built in the best room, I think."

"The best room!" exclaimed a young, fresh voice in strong contrast with the other, for whereas his was cold and leaden, without an atom of elasticity, hers had a ringing, buoyant sound.

"The best room, I said to your sister."

There was a very decided rebuke in the tone, and something more—a kind of astonishment that any one, most of all this child that Mr. Garth had striven day and night as it were, to reduce to a state of passive obedience, should express the slightest remark upon any command he chose to utter.

Mr. Garth had just risen from the dinner table. He walked to the fireplace now, and standing with his back to it, crossed his hands in the warmth of the blaze, for it was a chilly November day, and though he was not cold, he would soon have to breast its inclemency. Then he glanced around and his eye fell reprovingly upon his youngest daughter.

"Lucy," he said sternly, "you would commend yourself more to any proper and judicious person by keeping your hair in better order. Those untidy ends flying about are very annoying to me. How often must I speak of it! The Apostle Paul especially discountenances outward adornment and plaiting of the hair—"

Mr. Garth paused. In his zeal he had rather overstepped the mark, becoming aware too late that plaiting of the hair could not exactly apply to his daughter, who had allowed her soft, golden-tinted curls to droop daintily behind one small ear that looked as if it might have been sculptured.

Her quick brain caught at the blunder. She was in a strange mood to-day, or she would not have dared to brave her father the second time.

"I believe my hair is not plaited," she returned with an almost flippant air. "Rachel's is. Turn round, Rachel, and let father see the difference between braiding that you have to do yourself, and curls that nature insists upon doing for you."

After Lucy Garth had uttered this she felt so thoroughly frightened that she would have been thankful to have the floor open and swallow her. In her childhood's days these outbreaks had been punished by being put in a dark room, sent to bed supperless, or even the use of the rod. When she thought of the blows he had given her, father though he was, she hated him! She used to set her little white teeth vengefully together at such recollections, and if she was a bitter, faithless, satirical heathen, he had helped make her one.

"Lucy!"

She could imagine the sensation of any one being shot through with a bullet. She experienced a cold, terrible wound somewhere that deprived her almost of breath. For disguise it as she might, she still felt afraid of him.

"Will you never learn to show proper respect to your superiors, girl?"

It would have done Mr. Garth a great deal of good if he could have marched across the room and boxed his daughter's ears soundly. But the last time that he had indulged in this parental liberty, nearly two years before, Lucy had turned upon him with the passion of a tigress.

"If you ever dare to strike me again you will repent it. I shall kill myself, and you will be a murderer! How will you answer that to my mother at the last day?"

Her flashing eyes held him spell-bound. The threat possibly might have had some effect, for though many a time since the desire had been strong upon him, he had restrained himself.

Lucy made no answer, but looked cold and sullen. Mr. Garth turned around and warmed his face, which did not need it, being hot and red with anger.

Then he gave some unimportant charge to his elder daughter, who had risen from the table, and marched out pompously.

The room was large, but gray and cheerless looking. Even the fire of logs blazing upon the hearth could not give it a pleasant air. A dull hempen carpet covered the floor, and this in turn was covered with a still more dismal square under the table. The high mantel was surmounted with a pair of brass candlesticks at the corners, and a snuffers and tray in the centre. The wall was a hideous dingy yellow, the paint a forlorn tint of drab, selected because it would not soil easily. The window shades, and there were five in the room, were of faded buff holland with faded drab trimmings.

If the master of the house inveighed bitterly against the pomps and vanities of the world, he would have made but a poor ascetic after all, for he was not given to stinting the inner man. There was a remnant of demolished turkey upon the table, flanked with oyster salad and various other delicacies. The plates of pudding had been generous too, and the sauce rich, if one could judge from that still floating on Lucy's almost untouched plate. Mr. Garth liked good living, it must be confessed.

I may as well pause here and describe these two girls. One was seventeen, the other seven and twenty. You would not fancy them sisters by any subtile trick of nature, though she does sometimes indulge in far-reaching resemblances. They had different mothers, which must account for the extreme dissimilarity, though there was much of the Garth about Rachel.

The first Mrs. Garth had been a hard-working, self-denying woman, very religious also, of the severe type. Nothing ever kept her away from church on Sunday mornings. In winter, when the services were in the afternoon, she always went twice. She read her Bible aloud in the evening, and there her outward observances stopped. I think she meant to be honest and earnest, but her creed was narrow and her nature was narrower still, if such a thing were possible. From Monday morning until Saturday night she worked and saved. Not an idle moment was allowed, not a penny, a candle end or a pin was wasted. Of course Mr. Garth prospered. He was one of the proprietors of a large woollen mill at Dedham, a small, but flourishing manufacturing town.

Perhaps in his early days he might have been made more comprehensive and tender of soul, but he fell easily into his wife's ways, and by practising them at the Mill, he considered himself much the gainer. That he was a hard master I need not tell you.

Four children were born to them. Mrs. Garth had peculiar ideas about managing children. When she was through with the most important of her morning's work she took up her babe, washed, dressed and fed it, and deposited it again in the cradle. If it felt disposed to cry, it was allowed to cry until exhausted nature fell asleep. She would have no interference, for she did not want her children spoiled.

Three of them found life too severe a struggle and gave it up in wild wailing despair. This might have been Rachel's fate, but her mother overworked herself too soon, and between cold and fever, died.

Miss Garth came to keep house. She had never admired her sister-in-law, but in her way she was equally sharp and decided. Rachel was put out to nurse, as being the cheapest way of solving the difficulty.

When the child was three years old her aunt married and went West. Then arose strifes and heart-burnings, jealousies and gossip in Dedham. Mr. Garth was a rich man, and not too old to marry. Widows and spinsters were on the alert, smiles, kind advice and attention were showered upon him, and fondest love upon the child.

He surprised and angered the town very much by his second marriage. He went West to buy wool, and met with a certain pretty Miss Mackenzie with whom he fell in love. It must have been love, for he lost prudence, judgment, and every quality that should be brought into requisition at such a time.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

[SEE ARTICLE ON FOURTH PAGE.]

He might have known that this gay, young thing would find nothing entertaining or satisfactory in his dull life. He had no right to ask her to share it unless he felt willing to make it a trifle brighter for her.

She accepted him with a girl's romance. He was much older, and therefore she could look up to him; he was grave, and it would be both a pleasure and duty to soothe and comfort. His little girl was motherless, and her heart absolutely yearned over the child, for she was fond of babies and children. Her uncle and aunt found that Mr. Garth was a well to do, responsible man, and thought it a lucky chance for her. Six months afterwards they were married.

To a girl who had done nothing for the first twenty years of her life except to go to school, read, write letters, visit, attend concerts, lectures and parties, make herself pretty and entertaining, and be petted on every hand, this *was* a great change. A cheerless looking home, after all the old gayness and brightness, a cold, self-contained child whom no advances could win, and a host of ill-natured critics that nothing could satisfy, but *she* never tried.

Mr. Garth came to his senses and repented his marriage. His home was not a comfortable one, contrasted with the past reign. A servant was called in, and the ancient sisterhood held up their hands in horror. "There had been no such thing in poor Mrs. Garth's time!"

Young Mrs. Garth longed to beautify inside and out. She wanted the place newly furnished. She wanted pictures, and vases for bouquets, and books. Mr. Garth would as soon have thrown his money into the sea. When he ordered the hired man to uproot the rows of sun-flowers and holy-hocks and lay out regular flower-beds, he gave a doubtful and rather sneering laugh, but it was never done.

Then she made another attempt at cultivating Rachel. She had been used to happy, frolicsome children who did a hundred naughty things, said they were sorry, and then straightway did them over again. But they were loveable, had clinging arms and soft, sweet lips, laughed and tumbled about and were a constant pleasure and trouble.

This precise little Rachel Garth was neither. A martyr-faced child, who seemed a continual reproach, a being who studied her catechism and psalms, went to church, and was precociously religious. The sisters attended to her spiritual welfare and pitied her for falling into the hands of such a heathen as her step-mother. They even sympathised with Mr. Garth, who was weak enough to concede that his marriage had been a mistake.

So you may imagine that poor Mrs. Garth's days were miserable enough. She used to resolve sometimes that she would run away, but she had no friends to shelter her now, and knew not where to go unless she threw herself into the river, and she fancied that she was much too wicked to die. Then her child was born, and for awhile came blissful content.

The first dispute was about the child's name. Mr. Garth wished to call her Patience, after one of the earlier children and his own mother. She insisted that it should be Lucia Mackenzie, and he declared that no child of his should have such a name. Finally, after much disputing and tragic grief on her part, a compromise was effected. The child was to be called "Lucy Patience."

Mrs. Garth had learned to circumvent her husband. She had been frank and open as the day when he married her, but latterly she had gained some points in a less honorable fashion. She gave in at last, and actually called the baby Patience in its father's presence.

So they went to church. "Name this child," said the clergyman.

She had slipped a bit of card in his hand before the ceremony, and he had made himself master of the appellation. Now she whispered it again.

"Lucia Mackenzie I baptize thee—"

Mr. Garth was horror struck! It was all over, and the mother kissed her babe with devout thankfulness. That day she asked her husband to give her enough money to support herself and child and she would go away, for even purgatory would be heaven compared with this place.

He actually hated her as much as his phlegmatic temperament could be roused to hate. A mean, spiteful, underhand way of thwarting and making her feel his power. She lived in and for her child, and somehow he never dared interfere. If he had ill-treated that in any way I am afraid she would have murdered him, for her fury would have been like a tigor's.

The poor thing pined away, and no one ever saw it. At last she died suddenly when Lucia was nine years old. God was merciful to her, and kept the burthen of her child's future life from crushing her soul utterly at that moment. I think He had infinite pity upon the warped and thwarted life that had been made by man's cruelty to bring forth thorns instead of roses.

Rachel was nineteen at this time, and her father's housekeeper. Rather above medium height, and not a bad figure, if she had possessed a particle of taste. Her hair was dark, soft, and abundant; her complexion decidedly good at this time—but at seven-and-twenty, rough and sallow. Her features were well enough, except that her lips were thin; but she had very peculiar and uncomfortable eyes, a sort of opaque leaden blue, like her father's.

She was neat, energetic, without possessing quite the driving spirit of her mother; economical, handy with her needle, the pet of the Dorcas Society, and her father's pride, as far as he could be proud of anything that was not absolute gold. She had never made any pretence of liking her step-mother; and even before her death, could dissect her in a most admirable way, for the entertainment of the sisterhood at the tea drinkings.

But to Lucia, her mother's death was the knell of hope and love. First, her long, golden ringlets were shorn—but still the ends obstinately insisted upon making countless curls, which were an abomination. The dresses and aprons were despoiled of their dainty ruffles, and a blue checked bib substituted, for the child had altogether too much variety.

There were some hard battles between her and her father—but she soon learned that there was no course save submission. She was not conquered. She ground her teeth and waited. For the last year she had been emancipating herself rapidly.

Her father had insisted now upon her being called Lucy. She used to ridicule it with her keen sarcasm, and marked every article of her clothing in full—Lucia. There was a sort of smothered, tacit war between her and the household.

After her father had left the room, she drew the next chair nearer, and placing her small feet upon it, leaned back lazily. A very pretty girl was Lucia Mackenzie Garth. Smaller and slighter than her sister, and rounded with the perfection of Greek sculpture. This coarse brown merino dress could not hide it; and the plain linen collar was only a foil for the whiteness and graceful turn of the neck. She had one of those fair, flushing skins that was a subtle charm in itself. Her features were not altogether regular, but one only remarked the effect, which was exquisite from the broad, low brow to the rounded dimpled chin. Her eyes were very dark, and changed with every gust of feeling. There was in them a wonderful capacity for pleasure or pain, an almost fierce hunger and a sort of caustic scorn. It was a peculiar face, for it could soften radiantly or harden to crystal coldness as the mood swept over her—and it could also flash and flame in a way that warned the beholder to beware of the volcano that might burst forth with a word. It was this blaze that had cowed her father a time or two.

So you see she was not altogether defenceless—and yet she was one for whom you dreaded the battle of life. The rapid manner in which she could traverse abysses of pleasure or pain startled you; for to such souls the strife is often fearful, the victory and the crown come too late.

Rachel began to pile the plates together, and pack up cups and saucers. She was quite thin now, which made her look taller, and sallow, as I have said. Her really beautiful hair was gathered at the back in a knot of braids, because it kept smoothly and was less trouble. Her morning care of it lasted the whole day.

She still retained much of the martyr-like look, and had adopted a peculiar sniff caught at the Dorcas meetings. A hard, cold, uncompromising woman, whose virtues were scarcely less exasperating than positive vices.

"Lucy," she said, with a certain asperity, "you had better be carrying some of these dishes to the kitchen."

"What do we keep Hetty for?"

With that, Lucy Garth took up her plate of pudding and began to mince dainty little morsels.

"Lucy," her sister rejoined, in a tone of despair, "one would think that you had been told times enough about that habit. Father would not allow it even now."

"Well, he is not here," in a cool, indifferent voice.

"And you always were an eye servant."

Lucy's cheeks were scarlet at that.

"I am no one's servant;" she flung out, angrily.

"No, you are a vain and indolent girl, disrespectful to father, and insolent to every one else. I have tried my best, I am sure, to bring you up as a respectable girl should be reared—but you turn aside after evil continually. I've done my duty, and I shall wash my hands of the matter. It must be settled between you and father."

She gave her peculiar sniff, and turned away, with a tower of plates and saucers surmounted by cups. The door being shut, she had to set them down while Lucy trifled over her pudding, her eyes growing darker and darker.

"Yes, wash your hands," she returned, scornfully. "You said once, Rachel, that *my* mother begged to go away, even if it was into the cheapest retirement. I wish she had—I wish she had! I think you and father both hate me for her sake;" wringing her hands. "Can I help being pretty? and that's a cause of offence to you and those maundering old women, who are enough to set one's teeth on edge. Sometimes *I'm* tempted to run away. I'd do well enough, I daresay! I might marry some one!"

"Marry!" With that there was a crash, and the steeple of cups lay in fragments at Rachel's feet.

Lucy laughed. A provoking, elfish peal, that rasped Rachel's slow nerves.

"That's my fault, too, I suppose?"

One peculiarity of Lucy Garth, was the readiness with which her moods changed. A second ago, she was in a white heat of passion; now Rachel's woe begone face, as she studied the pieces upon the carpet, was too ludicrous.

"Laws a massy! Miss Rachel, what has that child been doin' agin?"

This was from Hetty, who put her head in the opening of the door.

"It wasn't me this time," announced Lucy, triumphantly.

Hetty began to scramble up the fragments. Rachel, without a word, carried the rest down to the basement kitchen. Lucy rose and crossed to the window.

This fatal facility of change was her misfortune, perhaps. Some days she worked herself up to that pitch of energy when a different state of things brought about by her own will appeared possible. Then some trifling incident diverted her, and she fell back into the restless, dissatisfied state, where hanging or drowning was an absolute temptation. And yet she was not one of the kind who ever do commit suicide.

She drummed upon the greenish window-panes with her slender, rosy fingers. The sky was leaden, the trees bare, and some hard, round pellets of snow were blown about by the biting wind. How miserable it was out there—and how miserable it was within! Life was a humbug, a flat, dreary, uneventful probation. Some girls married; but here was Rachel, twenty-seven, and not one lover yet. Could she get out of this hateful round, by marrying?

What was Mr. Thorndike like? He had been away five years; and she could hardly remember whether there was anything pleasant about him or not. He had an interest in the business—at least his father had left him some money invested in it, but he had been out on Lake Superior, interested in a copper-mine. What had brought him back? Did Rachel like him?

CHAPTER II.

MR. THORNDIKE.

Lucy went up-stairs presently, wrapped herself in an old shawl, and curled up into a little round ball on the bed, producing a surreptitious novel, and forgot her woes. Novels were a rare luxury with her—for Rachel's eyes were sharp at discovery—and then she had very few friends who indulged in such questionable literature. This heroine was a very unwholesome and unnatural specimen of humanity; but the eyes of seventeen are not over critical. Anything of the kind was such a treat to her, in her forlorn and solitary life. She had begun to emancipate herself, it is true. With a father worth sixty or eighty thousand, she had no fancy for toiling like a bondwoman!

So while Hetty and Rachel scoured and moiled in the kitchen—she read, and dozed, and dreamed. Through it all, she kept thinking—"Mr. Thorndike is coming, and father has ordered fire in the best room." What did it mean? How old could he be? Would it make any difference in their lives—hers and Rachel's?

If she could have seen the difference that it was destined to make! I wonder—but then we never can see, and we always drift on to fate in a blind, helpless sort of way.

She felt cold and shivering, so she ran down stairs. The parlor door was open the merest space, for Rachel had found it rather warm when the fire was once fairly going.

Lucy ventured in. There sat Rachel, primmer than ever, stitching wristbands for her father. Sewing-machines were her abomination.

Rachel Garth looked neither young nor pretty. She should not have been as old, hard, and weather-beaten—for I know of no other word to express the peculiar effects of sun, wind, and toil—at twenty-seven. Sitting there, she was the impersonation of an "old maid," with the absence of that grace and tenderness which alone can bring the term into fair repute. Lucy smiled in a little derision.

Ah, youth and beauty, you are too pitiless! There are cares and sorrows for you as well, trials and thorny paths, and are you always brave, always wise!

"I'm nearly frozen!"

Lucy curled herself in the corner like a kitten. She might have purred in content had the face opposite been a cheerful one, for after all she was not hard to please.

Rachel sat uncompromisingly upright and sewed steadily.

"I suppose they will not be here until clear supper time?"

This was so decided a question that Rachel answered stiffly, without raising her eyes—

"You heard what father said."

Not minding, Lucy went on—

"How old a man is Mr. Thorndike, Rachel?"

"I don't know—precisely," she added after a pause, for she was conscientiously truthful where her feelings or judgment were not warped.

"Well, guess," rather impatiently.

"Forty?"

"I should think not so old."

"Thirty, then?"

"Somewhere between. I am not sure."

"You are very provoking, I am sure."

"What is Mr. Thorndike to us, particularly?"

"Oh, we might one of us want to marry him," in a flippant manner.

Rachel Garth turned pale when she was angry, and her infrequent blushes were a kind of swarthy tint, as if her blood could not be fine and clear.

"Lucy, you are growing too bold and forward. Father would be shamed by your immodesty."

Lucy's cheeks were bright enough.

"Call things by their right names, if you please, Miss Garth. A little girlish nonsense!"

"I wish you were not so frivolous. The time may come when your eyes will be clearer."

This with a sighing sniff.

Lucy was getting not only thawed, but baked. She rose suddenly and leaned her elbow on the mantel. Something caught her eye, and she paused, her scarlet lips slightly apart, and quivering with the unuttered retort.

Her father was coming up the garden path with the guest. Mr. Garth turned to explain some matter, and Mr. Thorndike stood quite still, so she had a fair view of him.

A rather tall man, moderately stout, with a fresh complexion, full, dark beard, and dark hair, worn quite long, inclined to curl. Contrasting him with a few of the young men it had been Lucy's privilege to meet at the "Dorcas," he appeared undeniably fine looking.

"Oh! my goodness!" she exclaimed, in her girlish excitement; "there they come, and I'm not dressed!"

Rachel gave her a glance of stately reproof, as much as to say—"Whose is the fault?"

She flew up-stairs, and then, tumbling in the middle of the bed, burst into tears. It was only an ebullition of vanity. For the last eight years of her life her father and sister had striven with all their might to uproot it. They had cropped her hair, made her wear the forlornest of old-fashioned garments, preached and punished; but, like a thistle root, here it was firmly imbedded in the soil.

"If I only *had* anything pretty to wear!" she sobbed.

It was a severe grievance to her. She liked beauty, and sweetness, and grace. When she read of soft silks flowing about some slender form, delicate laces, pearls, flowers in one's hair, and all that, her heart was filled with longing. And yet it was not *all* vanity. A rose or a bit of ribbon would have answered her.

She dried her tears presently, and took down her two last winter's dresses. A green and brown plaid delaine that she hated, and a merino that had been dyed black. Besides, there was a shabby brown alpaca, and a faded drab of the same material. This for a girl who might have forty or fifty thousand in her own right! No wonder that she was sorry! Rachel had two silk dresses, a black and a brown one. It was hateful and heathenish that she should go so shabby!

She basted a bit of edging at the neck and wrists of the rather dingy merino; but then the lace was real, and had been her mother's. And this when she so loved dainty bits of brightness and beauty! After that she washed her face, and let down her hair that had been confined in a thick net. Rachel always bought them because they wore better.

And then a temptation flashed into her brain. Sometimes, for pure pleasure, the forlorn child would curl her hair in a mass of shining ringlets. It looked so lovely in its shimmering golden sheen, and almost seemed alive.

She twisted the silken, soft mass idly around her fingers. One by one she reeled them off, those lovely, graceful pendants. Her father had never tried the shearing process but once, for while the effects of that lasted, the curls were a necessity. No amount of brushing or soapsuds could subdue the luxuriant crop.

"There's not one word said anywhere against curls," she began, as if to fortify herself in her flagrant disobedience. "And God made it—if *He* made anything—"

She was beginning to doubt already; indeed, she had never believed in anything but her dear, dead mother. Heaven help and pity her!

She put on her dress in a strange, defiant mood. Although she was chilly, and her small finger ends blue with cold, her cheeks were in a glow of carmine, and her eyes like deep wells, subtle, flashing, and dangerous.

Lucy Garth went straight down stairs and opened the parlor door. Her father was not there. Mr. Thorndike was seated in Rachel's vicinity talking quite earnestly, but he paused, and looked.

"My sister," said Rachel, coldly. "Mr. Thorndike, Lucy."

He rose, bowed, and as a second thought took her hand. It was such a soft, tiny thing, and seemed to nestle like a trembling bird in his.

"How cold you are!"

"Am I?" in the most musical of tones. "Oh! only the tips of my fingers. Do you know what I would do if I were rich, Mr. Thorndike?"

"No; what?"

"Have heaters, and all those lovely things for comfort."

She sighed, shook her ringlets with a sort of regal air, and moved toward the fire.

Something else she did with those unfathomable eyes of hers—lured him across the wide room. Neglected Rachel was nothing to her.

It was her first taste of a dangerous power, an intoxicating draught that so many women drain to the bitter dregs, and at last sit in the ruins of a heartbreak.

She came to her opportunity by a series of odd chances. Her father, displeased at her absence, had gone to seek her. Crossing the hall, he bethought himself of a charge to Hetty. They must have green tea for the guest. While he was in the kitchen, Lucy went down. Not finding her in her room, he passed on to his, to put away some valuable papers. The key to the small safe had been mislaid, and, after much searching, he found it in his pocket, so it was not possible to take any one else to task.

In the meanwhile Hetty had stuck her head in the parlor door, and summoned Miss Rachel. So Lucy and Mr. Thorndike had the room to themselves.

He thought her wonderfully beautiful. The shabby merino and real lace he never noticed, but the flashing hair, the beguiling eyes, the red and white of her bright young face was like a picture. He had seen many pretty women too, but there was an indescribable charm about this one.

Mr. Thorndike was a very commonplace man, and no hero, though he appeared so to Lucy's inexperienced eyes. There was not one noble or manly attribute in his whole soul. Still, the world found no fault with him though he did make close bargains. He was seven-and-thirty, and looked neither old nor young. He had a certain prompt business air that seemed an indication of power to her—and then she rather liked the suggestion of mastery in his eyes.

Oh, youth, how credulous, how ready to venture the most precious freight on an unknown sea without pilot or helmsman! Is it any wonder that wrecks are strewn along the shore?

"So you wish you were rich?" he said. "Why your father *has* made a fortune."

"Does it benefit me any? Do you suppose that I shall care for his hoarded-up thousands when he is dead and I am an old woman? Besides, *my* mother died young. Is a marble tombstone the only glory of life—in death?"

She said this with the air of a tragedy queen. Her face was so impassioned, so full of expression!

"How strange you are!"

"Oh, you judged me from my sister, I suppose."

I cannot describe all that she put in this short sentence. Pity for him that he could see no more clearly—a sort of stinging disdain for Rachel, and a sad isolation for herself. She felt it all at the moment.

"Oh, no; you are very, very different."

"I wish I were like her," she began with a sudden fiery energy.

"Do you? I do not."

"As if it could ever make any difference to you. Mr. Thorndike, such people are always the happiest. They have no yearnings beyond their common-place life—no fond tastes to gratify, no ambitions. And they are always appreciated. Rachel is father's favorite; old Mr. Howe thinks her a saint; and the Dorcas Society fall down and worship her."

I am afraid much of the worship was because her father was still a widower.

Half of Lucy's sentence was lost upon Mr. Thorndike. Nevertheless, to return for the part he understood, he studied her face, lovely and glowing as it was, in a vague way, and asked, abruptly—

"And you?"

"Oh, I'm an inveterate heathen! I have not a grace or virtue in their eyes. Why, when I was a little girl, after my own dear mother died, Rachel and father cut my hair close to my head, to give it a religious tendency."

"A what?" he exclaimed, in amazement. "Why I never saw anything so handsome!"

"Then you don't think it wicked?"

She asked this in an eager, heedless, childish fashion. He twined one silken strand around his finger, and a thrill seemed to quiver in every pulse.

"It was barbarous! Cut it off!"

"It was poor mamma's pride," and her face saddened.

He wanted very much to take her in his arms and comfort her—so far had he gone already. And yet I don't know that he was at all in love, only bewildered by the radiant vision.

She possessed a peculiar magnetic power for so many of her kind as could from any occult cause be brought *en rapport* with her. I do not say congenial spirits—for these two found, after awhile, that they had not the slightest feeling in common. It was rather people whom she could influence. Perhaps the dull earthworm feels the sunshine in a torpid way, though he may not rejoice, gladsomely, as the butterfly.

Something of this crept over Mr. Thorndike, and with it a consciousness that she was the injured party.

"Why don't they like it?" he asked, in a wondering manner, as if he could not understand any one's objection to beauty, since it could be had so cheaply.

"Oh, they all think it's wicked! If I curled it myself now, and spent hours over it, the case would be different. Are you very religious, Mr. Thorndike?"

There was enough in her face to tempt an anchorite.

"Why—no—not particularly. Of course I think it's a good thing; and my father, you know, was one of the elders. Yes, it's a good thing—" in a sort of hesitating way, as if he was balancing his soul between her good opinion and some old ideas that he was not quite ready to disavow.

"I like mamma's. She used to teach me beautiful hymns—though I didn't go to church then. I hate those long prosy sermons!" and her eyes flashed. "It seems to me that there's no love in it; and somehow I don't believe St. John could have loved the Saviour if He had been cold and cruel.

"No, of course;" in a vague way, for it was like an unknown tongue to him. "But—what's the old adage—Love begets love—isn't it? That's my sentiments."

He gave a rather coarse laugh. It jarred upon her soul—but she was quite too heedless to attend to the admonition.

"Are you going to stay?" she asked, after a pause, finding his stare somewhat uncomfortable.

"Stay?" He had a great habit of repeating the last word, as if he heard that the most clearly. "I've a lot of business to do with your father. You know *my* father's money was never all taken out of the mill. To-morrow night I've promised to see a cousin at Fairfield—yes, I suppose I shall stay for some time."

"On Thursday there's to be a Dorcas meeting here," she said slowly. "I wish you could come."

She felt impelled to attach him to herself in some peculiar manner.

"Do you? By Jove! I'll come then. Excuse me," and he flushed rather awkwardly; that is, the sentiment and grace of embarrassment were not there.

She was immensely flattered. That any man should apologize to her for so mild a type of profanity seemed wonderfully chivalrous.

"What do they do? Let me see—wasn't Dorcas a sort of good woman who was followed to the grave by the clothes she made—I mean—"

Lucy laughed. It was such an arch, beguiling laugh, that it didn't hurt him at all. Indeed it seemed as if her rosy lips had been made for sunny smiles.

She was rather delighted to find him going so easily astray in religious biography. Why, the Dorcas women had every thing at their tongues' end, from Eve's pomological experiment to the brilliant and sinful attire of the Scarlet Lady.

"Yes—I don't know but that it would be a gratification to follow some of those to their graves. Oh, that's very wicked, isn't it? Well, they sew together garments for the Feejee Islanders, and pull their neighbors apart. I don't believe the first Dorcas did that. Then the gentlemen begin to come in, and we have supper. After that it's a little gayer."

"Dancing and such, I suppose?"

"Dancing!" with a comical horror. "Oh goodness, no! That would be going straight to destruction. But do you dance, Mr. Thorndike? It seems to me that it would be the loveliest thing in the world. Tra, la, tra la," she murmured in her soft, untrained voice, exquisitely musical, and inclining her head until the shining curls were like a shimmering sea of gold.

"You'd like it," he commented, strangely roused.

"Like it! Why, it would be a passion with me, and carry away my whole soul!"

Every nerve in her impulsive and vehement nature seemed roused, her eyes were deep with some far light struggling to the surface, her cheeks aglow, and her swelling lips quivering with inward delight that was hardly anticipation.

The door opened and Rachel entered. She was shocked, nay more, indignant. Half an hour ago it appeared to her that she had left these two people in the same place, and here they had laughed and talked, until now she dared to smile in his face, and he took it approvingly. Like many another woman, she did not blame *him*, it was Lucy's forwardness, her audacious boldness that she had tried to check at every turn. If ever a sister had done her duty it was she, Rachel Garth!

There was a deeper feeling than mere impropriety with her. Five years before, when Warren Thorndike had come on to attend his father's funeral and look after the business, or the money, he had been in the habit of dropping in quite frequently of an evening. Lucy in those days ate her supper of bread and milk at five, and marched off to bed. If there was company at any meal, she took hers in the kitchen. She *might* have seen Mr. Thorndike, but he was as unfamiliar to her as Adam. Rachel, however, had frequent opportunities. She sat and sewed patchwork or knitted stockings, now and then putting in a sage word. Her father considered her judgment remarkable.

She thought Warren Thorndike a very handsome young man. If he had asked her, she would have been delighted to marry him. He went away without asking her, however, and though he seemed to take something out of her life, she worked the harder to fill up the vacuum.

His coming back was most friendly. He shook her hand in a very warm and earnest fashion, and began to talk of old times. Lucy's thoughtless and unwomanly remark came back to her. Of course, if he married one of them, it would be she. He was too sensible to take a wife twenty years younger than himself; and then, too, she fancied that there was hardly a man living who could make such a stupendous blunder as to marry Lucy. All her faults, her indolence and frivolity, her tempers, her impatience and utter lack of steady application to anything useful, were heinous sins in Rachel's view. I am not sure but she considered her prettiness an evil and a snare. All these things were so patent to her, her father, and the Dorcas society, that she supposed all the world saw them with the same eyes.

There was little love between these sisters, and none of that tender grace that smoothes over faults and failings. Rachel would have considered that deception, and she prided herself upon uncompromising truth. It never occurred to her that some one, looking at her with similarly prejudiced eyes, might work her woe as well.

"Supper is ready," exclaimed Rachel, staring at Lucy with sternest disapprobation. "Where is father?"

"I am sure I don't know," in a cool, insolent tone.

His step was heard at that moment. He had been lost in a little business calculation, otherwise Lucy Garth would never have gone to supper with the triumphant glory of those curls.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB'Y 5, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the club may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$6.00**; Five copies (and one extra) **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

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NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

UNDER A BAN.

BY MISS DOUGLAS.

In the present number we commence the new novelet written for THE POST by that charming and talented writer, Miss Amanda M. Douglas.

The beginning of this new novelet, which will run for about three months, is a capital time to begin subscriptions to THE POST, although we can supply back numbers when required to the first of the year.

BACK NUMBERS.

We are so nearly out of the back numbers for October, November and December, that we find it necessary in the case of new clubs, to send only one set to each club. And the members of new clubs will oblige us by handing the back papers around, so that all can read them.

We have still a large supply of all the numbers for January, and can therefore date back subscriptions to the first of the year.

Those who prefer it, however, can begin their subscriptions with our present number, containing the opening of Miss Douglas's novelet.

THE POST.

Mr. H. S. C., of Fontanelle, Iowa, writes:—

"I have been reading your paper for the past year, and I am so attached to it that I am lost without it."

Mr. J. L., of Finleyville, Pennsylvania, writes:—

"Inclosed I send you nine dollars for our visitor for twenty-two years past—The Saturday Evening Post."

Mrs. S. D. D., writes from Essex county, New York:—

"I send you the money to renew the subscription for Mrs. B., who has taken your paper for ten or fifteen years. She thinks, as I do myself, we cannot afford to do without the dear old Post."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HEREDITARY GENIUS: an Inquiry into its Laws and Consequences. By FRANCIS GALTON, F. R. S., etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada. This is an exceedingly interesting and valuable book.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. Monthly Part. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada. A magazine that is always welcome.

WHY DID HE MARRY HER? By Miss ELIZA A. DUPUY. Author of "The Planter's Daughter," "The Bride of Fate," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

ECCE FEMINA: An Attempt to Solve the Woman Question. By CARLOS WHITE. Published by the author, Hanover, N. H., and by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

THE OLD GUARD: A Monthly Magazine Devoted to Literature, Science and Art, and the Political Principles of 1776 and 1860. Published by Van Evrie, Horton & Co., New York.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. Published by Littell & Gay, Boston, Mass.

HOWE'S MUSICAL MONTHLY. Published by Elias Howe, Boston.

HITCHCOCK'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. Published by Benjamin W. Hitchcock, New York.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH and Journal of Physical Culture. February, 1870. Published by Wood & Holbrook, New York.

BEECHER'S MAGAZINE, for the Manhood of America. Published by a J. A. Beecher, Trenton, New Jersey.

THE MAJOR AND KNAPP ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY. Literature, Fine Arts, Science. Published by the Major & Knapp Engraving, Manufacturing and Lithographic Co., New York. This new Monthly is one of the most beautiful specimens of topography and illustration that we have seen.

DAVID COPPERFIELD. By CHAS. DICKENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

PETER'S MUSICAL MONTHLY. Published by J. L. Peters, New York.

EOLINE; OR, MAGNOLIA VALE; or The Heiress of Glenmore. By Mrs. Caroline LEE HENTZ, author of "Linda; or, The Young Pilot of the Belle Creole," "The Banished Son," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE NEW YORK TEACHER AND AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY. February, 1870. Published by J. W. Shermerhorn & Co., New York.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. The January number of this interesting monthly has been received from the American publishers, the Leonard Scott Company, New York. It contains an article entitled "Lord Byron and his Calumniators."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for February, contains the second portion of Bayard Taylor's new story, and the usual excellent variety of miscellaneous articles. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston.

The Suez Canal.

Probably to the future historian the year 1869 will be memorable solely as the date of the opening of the Suez Canal. The completion of the French Atlantic Cable, the opening of great public works in the City of London, Russian advances in the east, and other events, more or less important, which compose the staple of our year's account—all shrink into comparative insignificance, overshadowed by the great work for universal weal, the splendid monument of genius, which M. de Lesseps has raised, to the immortal honor of himself, and, through him, to the glory of his native country. If, indeed, we consider the gigantic dimensions of the undertaking, the obstacles removed, the difficulties overcome—in a word, the wonderful results accomplished by the ingenuity and perseverance of a single human intellect, we shall be ready to own that the union of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, just effected by means of a deep cutting through rocks and swamps and sandy plains, is worthy to be reckoned among the grand exceptional achievements of ancient and modern days. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the eyes of the world should be now, as one, all centered upon the mysterious country of the Pyramids, and that princes and sages should hasten to the east, and brighten Alexandria with a momentary flash of magnificence, remindful somewhat of a time, two thousand years ago, when she was the acknowledged queen of fashion and learning.

Six or seven centuries before the Christian era, a small canal was constructed across the Isthmus of Suez, and after enduring many vicissitudes of fortune—being at one time choked up in some parts with sand, and at another cleared and made navigable, through the exertions of a ruler possessing more than the ordinary amount of energy in the degenerate days of his country's decline—it was completely restored by the Roman Emperor, Adrian, and continued to be much used by the European and Asiatic traders, as the link connecting the great commercial highways of the world. The conquests by the followers of Mahomet stifled the spirit of energy and of commercial activity in the east, and as Egypt and the neighboring nations were soon subdued by the Mussulmans, the canal was at first neglected and at length wilfully destroyed. It was not used after about the seventh century of the Christian dispensation; and, exposed to the clouds of desert sand, it soon became so effectually choked up that its very course is a matter of conjecture at the present day. In modern times many great men have conceived the idea of channelling the isthmus. The great Napoleon, it is said, particularly desired to accomplish it. Some of the greatest engineers of the day, both English and foreign, have given the subject their best attention, and were pretty evenly divided as to the feasibility or the impracticability of effectually constructing a sea channel, dividing the continent of Africa from that of Asia. It is well known that George Stephenson—the greatest engineer of our times—maintained the impossibility of ever perfecting a durable and navigable Suez Canal, and the opinion of our great countryman has been shared by a majority of Englishmen, some of whom have been confidently anticipating, even up to the present time, that an unexpected calamity would arise and entail failure upon the undertaking. Nothing of the kind has occurred. Merchantmen and men-of-war have already sailed in good numbers from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, and M. de Lesseps, in spite of all opposition, has successfully accomplished the great aim of his life—the project which he pursued year after year with increasing intensity—and has completed the work which Napoleon longed to commence in vain, and which Stephenson shrank from as being too arduous and difficult. The modern canal commences at the Pelusiac mouth, that is, the easternmost mouth of the Delta of the Nile, and joins the Red Sea at the town of Suez, situated at the northern extremity of the Gulf of Suez. It is situated some few miles to the east of the site of the old canal, and near the Gulf of Suez it is carried through the Bitter Lakes, a long expanse of water, varying from five to seven miles in breadth, which, it is supposed, were at one time a portion of the Gulf of Suez, and to have been the site of the miracle of the dividing of the waters and the destruction of the Egyptian hosts when the Israelites commenced their wanderings in the wilderness. Passing from the Mediterranean, it flows through some fertile plains and valleys, parts of the ancient district of Goshen—the Egyptian home of Israel—but the greater portion of the course lies through sandy deserts or drear and rocky wastes.

☞ After a recent New York ball, an attendant found a $20,000 diamond cross on the floor.

Woman in Athens.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF AN AMERICAN COLLEGE.

It was not long after the talents and the fascinations of Aspasia had introduced into Athenian society a greater freedom of intercourse between cultivated men and women that the question as to "woman's rights" in Athens became a topic of earnest discussion, not only among the wits of that sprightly capital, but also among the gravest of its political philosophers. We shall briefly refer to traces of this interesting fact, as we are still able to discern them in the writings contemporaneous with this period.

We may say, then, that at least three of the plays of Aristophanes take their "form and pressure" from the outlines of this political discussion, while one of them, the *Ecclesiazousæ*, or "Women in Town Meeting Assembled," turns entirely upon the question of "woman's-rights" for its plot, its *denouement*, and its moral. A brief summary of the play will set this fact in the clearest light.

It was not until after the Peloponnesian war had weakened the resources and reduced the prestige of Athens, that the preceding discussions with regard to woman's "sphere" in the State would seem to have reached their height. Athens, though displaced from the proud predominance she had once held among her sister States, was still "the eye of Greece." Plato still taught in the Academy, and Aristophanes still reflected the "very age and body of the time" from his comic mask. Schemes of socialism and of communism (the spawn of speculative political philosophers) were as rife in Athens more than two thousand years ago as they ever were in Paris during the palmiest days of Fourier and Father Cabet. And among the expedients for regenerating political society in Athens, we may be sure that "female suffrage" was not forgotten. It would indeed be difficult to conceive how any community could attain to the conception that every man had a natural right to vote, and then rest in this conclusion as an ultimate political fact, without at least inquiring into the validity of the grounds on which *woman* was at the same time excluded from that franchise. Certain it is that the male and female politicians of Athens did not forbear to moot this question, and Aristophanes, who was ever ready to catch the living manners as they rose, has left us a graphic sketch of the political Bloomers who in his day were so clamorous for their "rights."

His *Ecclesiazousæ*, or "Women in Town Meeting Assembled," represents a conspiracy on the part of all the women in Athens to seize the Acropolis, and to turn the tables on the men by reducing them under a petticoat government founded on Communism and "Free Love." The leader in this movement, according to the merry plot of the facetious dramatist, is one Praxagora, a fussy female politician, whose husband's house was situated so near the Pnyx that she had been able to overhear the tumultuous political debates held at that place on election-days in Athens; and, with her knowledge of politics, had come a strong desire on her part to be the prime mover in the emancipation of her sisters from the civil bondage in which they groaned. It is known that the meetings of the Assembly in Athens were held early in the morning. Accordingly, Praxagora instructs the women who participate in this movement for their "rights" to steal their husband's garments before they awake in the morning, and, indued in these, to repair to the Pnyx, armed besides with their husband's canes, and bringing with them false beards, to be slipped on at the Assembly, that they might pass for men in case any of the latter should be present so early in the twilight dawn of the day.

In order to teach the less advanced of her sisters the art of public speaking, and to practise them in the useful habit of *mearring* like men, she holds a preliminary caucus, and, all measures being thus duly concerted, they proceed to effect their contemplated *coup d'état*. The conspiracy succeeds. Their masculine costumes, their mannish oaths, and, above all, the insinuating oratory of the strong-minded Praxagora, so impose on the few men present at the Assembly that they never suspect the real sex of the great majority, and the revolutionary decree declaring woman's rights, with community of goods, and with free love for the especial benefit of ugly women, is hurried to its final passage. Morning breaks in Athens on *women* "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled," and on *men* without any rights which a woman is bound to respect, and, alas! in the case of most, *without trousers*.

The preliminary raid of the female conspirators on their husbands' wardrobes was indeed a master-stroke of policy. By it the great mass of the male voters were detained at their homes, and the few who venture out of doors in their wives' clothes and themselves too late to save the State from revolution. Blepyrus, the husband of Praxagora, is first seen emerging in a pair of woman's shoes and in a short yellow petticoat. He soon meets other companions in misfortune—men, like himself, dispossessed at once of their *rights* and their doublets. After a short colloquy, they perceive that all resistance is useless, and they "accept the situation" with as much grace as they can well summon to the occasion. There is something touching in the conquered pride with which Blepyrus submits to *his* fate, as he asks his strong-minded wife, the conquering heroine of the new movement, to go before him, and let him follow behind her, that he may be gazed at, and that people may say of him: "Don't you admire this *husband* of our general?" In the meantime, Praxagora succeeds to the control of the government, and lays down her *platform*, which is sufficiently liberal and comprehensive. It embraces the following provisions: all men and women are to have all things in common; equal distribution of lands and other property; no distinctions on the ground of sex, but precedence in marriage rights to be given to old and ugly women; community of children; no more courts; no more lawsuits, because no more debts (all things being in common) and no more crimes (because men and women are one in interest); the halls of justice to be turned into eating-saloons for the people, and free banquets for all, supplied at the public expense. It will be seen that no scheme of modern French socialism was ever more thorough than that of Praxagora, just two thousand two hundred and sixty-three years ago; for it was in the year 394 B. C., or thereabouts, that the play of Aristophanes was brought upon the stage in Athens, for the purpose of holding up the female politicians of the time to public ridicule.

The wits of the day had of course their laugh at the expense of the strong-minded women, but "woman's rights" were not thus to be laughed down in Athens. Ten years later, Plato returned to the defence of the lost cause in his ideal "Republic," and to this day the most logical and thoroughgoing system of "woman's rights" may be found in that masterly treatise of the great speculative philosopher of antiquity. To the impertinent suggestion so commonly made even in our day by recalcitrant husbands when they urge that "woman's sphere is the home," and that it is her first duty to stay at home and take care of the children, Plato has a ready answer. "Do we not observe," says he, "that the females among dogs are just as good as the males for the purpose of watching a flock; and why should not women be just as good as men for the purpose of guarding the state?" "There is," he adds, "no art nor part in the arrangement of a state as to which the nature of man has any advantage over that of woman." Hence women, equally with men, should be trained for the function of magistracy, and should learn not only intellectual accomplishments, but also gymnastics, fencing, boxing, riding on horseback, and such like exercises. To the objection that these exercises require those who practice them to wear, even in public, no clothing at all, Plato replies that this is a difficulty which would be soon gotten over by a little experience. Community of wives forms a part also of Plato's model Republic. There was to be in each city but one nursery for all the children born in the city, and only such as should be approved by a Board of Examiners were to be admitted. The rest who did not show sufficient signs of a good physical constitution were to be put out of the way; and herein doubtless we find the origin of Monsieur Raspail's modern suggestion that the supernumerary children born in a Fourierite phalanstery should be "eased out of life by receiving at their very birth a painless extinction." (His other suggestion, to the effect that the bodies of the innocents thus offered up to the memory of "Malthus on Population" might be entombed in ornamental flower-pots, and used to line the corridors of the phalanstery, is entirely original with himself, but in all other respects he is preceded by Plato.)

And yet, notwithstanding the arguments made by Plato in defence of "woman's rights," he failed to convince his countrymen. The people of Greece preferred rather to take sides with Aristotle on this question. Though the pupil of Plato, the Stagyrite, it is known, combated the doctrines of his teacher under this head. In his "Polity" he discriminates between these "characteristics of the two sexes which respectively fit them for their different careers in life—the nature of each being foreordained with an eye to the union of both for their mutual happiness—the one stronger, for protection and defence; the other weaker, for watchfulness; the one made for life out of doors; the other, for quiet, domestic occupations; the one to support the rising family; the other to nurture and educate it." And all this, notwithstanding that, in his *History of Animals*, Aristotle admits there are some men who have the qualities of women, and some women who have the loud voice of men, and can vie with them in physical strength, just as he suggestively adds, "there are some hens that take it upon themselves to crow, and even get the better of it in a fight with the cocks."

It will thus be seen that the phases through which the "woman question" is now passing in America, do not so exclusively belong to the modern progress as many seem to suppose. Nor is the question a new one even in our own country, as we might be able to show if the subject were deemed of sufficient interest to justify an inquiry into the aspect it assumed at the period of our Revolution, when the strong-minded sister of Richard Henry Lee broached the whole theory of "woman's rights" in Virginia, and when those rights (at least for widows and spinsters who paid taxes on real estate) were recognized by one state in our Union.—*Hearth and Home.*

Interesting Reminiscences.

The following reminiscences of Mrs. Madison and Mrs. John Quincy Adams, wives of two of the earlier Presidents of the Republic, are not without interest at the present time:—

At dinner, Mrs. Madison always took the head of the table, Mr. Madison the middle, and one of his secretaries the bottom. Her memory was so good that she never forgot a name, and would address each of her guests, though just introduced with twenty others, as if she had known them for years. She was a magnificent-looking woman in the drawing-room. Her stately and Juno-like figure towered above the rest of the ladies. When she found a timid young girl she would attend to her most assiduously, conduct her to the piano, and remain with her till she became more at ease. At one of her receptions, a tall, dangling youth, fresh from the backwoods, made his appearance, and took his stand against a partition wall. He stood in that position like a fixture for half an hour, and finally ventured to take a cup of coffee, which it was then the custom to hand around. Mrs. Madison's keen eye had noticed his embarrassment, and she wished to relieve it. She walked up and addressed him. The poor youth, astounded, dropped the saucer on the floor, and unconsciously thrust the cup into his breeches pocket. "The crowd is so great," remarked the gentle lady, "that no one can avoid being jostled. The servant will bring you another cup of coffee. Pray, how did you leave your excellent mother? I had once the honor of knowing her, but I have not seen her for some years." Thus she continued, till the poor youth felt as if he were in the company of an old acquaintance. He took care, secretly and soon, to dislodge the protuberance in his pocket.

Of the wife of John Quincy Adams, we learn: Miss Louisa Catherine Johnson, who became the wife of John Quincy Adams, was born, educated, and married in London. She was the daughter of Joshua Johnson. In advanced age, her children were accustomed to call her "Madame," and their father "The President." The utmost deference was systematically paid to both parents. In person she was *petite*, with lively manners, very fluent and brilliant in conversation.

☞ After an illness of almost two years, George D. Prentice, the veteran editor of the old Louisville Journal, died recently, at the age of 67. His death occurred at the residence of his eldest son, Colonel Clarence J. Prentice, a few miles below Louisville, the scene of his long career as a successful journalist.

Mr. Stanton as a Minister of War.

That Mr. Stanton was an active, zealous, and *successful* war minister no one will deny. On one memorable occasion his firmness saved the Western army from destruction. It was after the battle of Chickamauga, when the army of Rosecrans was in great peril. A Cabinet meeting was called at midnight. The President, Seward, Chase, Stanton, and Halleck were present. Stanton vehemently urged the immediate reinforcement of Rosecrans by troops from Meade's army. The President and General Halleck were not inclined to weaken Meade in order to strengthen Rosecrans. Seward and Chase were with Stanton. The latter asked Halleck how many men could be sent to Rosecrans in ten days.

"Thirty thousand, if all other transportation is stopped," was the answer.

"In five days?" asked Stanton.

"Thirteen thousand."

"They must go; Meade can spare them—he *must* spare them. The Western army must be saved."

The next day thirteen thousand men from Meade's army were sent West under General Hooker. Rosecrans was relieved. This is the way Stanton saved the army of the West.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

A Humbug.

How often we hear this expression from persons reading advertisements of patent medicines, and in nine cases out of ten they may be right. It is over 20 years since I introduced *Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment* to the public. I had no money to advertise it, so I left it for sale with a few druggists and storekeepers through a small section of the country, many taking it with great reluctance; but I told them to let any one have it, and if it did not do all I stated on my pamphlet, no one need pay for it. In some stores two or three bottles were taken on trial by persons present. I was, by many, thought crazy, and that would be the last they would see of me. But I knew my medicine was no humbug. In about two months I began to receive orders for more Liniment, some calling it my valuable Liniment, who had refused to sign a receipt when I left it at their store. Now my sales are millions of bottles yearly, and all for cash. I warrant it superior to any other medicine for the cure of croup, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, vomiting, spasms, and sea-sickness, as an internal remedy. It is perfectly innocent to take internally—see oath accompanying each bottle—and externally for chronic rheumatism, headache, mumps, frosted feet, bruises, sprains, old sores, swellings, sore throats, &c., &c.

Price 50 cents. Sold by the druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. feb5-4t

STATE DEBTS.—Virginia has the largest, $45,000,000. New York comes next, with nearly $40,000,000. Pennsylvania owes $35,000,000; Tennessee, $34,000,000; Louisiana, $12,000,000; Massachusetts, $13,000,000; North Carolina, $11,000,000; Ohio, $10,000,000; Connecticut, $8,000,000; Missouri, $17,000,000; Illinois, South Carolina and Georgia, each $6,000,000; Texas, Michigan, Wisconsin, Rhode Island and Kentucky, each $3,000,000; Maine, $5,000,000; New Jersey, $2,000,000; Kansas, $1,000 000; Iowa, Maryland and Delaware are out of debt; Minnesota, Oregon and Mississippi are blessed with very small debts. Total of all the states about $350,000,000.

CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP contains a large per centage of VEGETABLE OIL, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated French and German laundry soaps. CRAMPTON BROS., 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutgers-place, and 23 and 25 Jefferson St. Office 84 Front Street, New York. oct2-6m

AN English clergyman in Lancashire was lately endeavoring to prove that doers of good were always in the minority, and, by parity of reasoning, that the Conservative party, being in the minority, were right. To illustrate, he said: "Paul was in a minority, but who was right? Peter was in a minority, but who was right? Christ was in a minority, but who was right?" But the reverend orator was literally "sat upon" when some one in the gallery shouted:—"Judas Iscariot was in a minority, but who was right?" The effect was laughable. The lecturer was struck dumb, for some minutes could not utter a word, and the audience roared. [We do not see where the laugh comes in. Judas was not in a minority of the people, but in a very large majority, who cried "crucify him! crucify him!"—*Ed. Sat. Post.*]

Neglected Coughs and Colds.—Few are aware of the importance of checking a cough or "common cold," in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon preys upon the lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*", or Cough Lozenges, afford instant relief.

Owing to the good reputation and popularity of the Troches, many *worthless and cheap imitations are offered, which are good for nothing.* Be sure to obtain the *true* "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold everywhere.

CURIOUS ZOOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.—At a meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, on the 21st of December last, Professor E. D. Cope exhibited specimens of fossil bones which he described as belonging to two new species of *Hadrosaurus*, one being about twice as large as the *Hadrosaurus Foulkii*, of which a skeleton is now in the museum of the Academy. This lizard in life must have stood twenty-six feet high. The same learned gentleman read a letter from a correspondent in Brazil, stating that he had discovered there a species of monkey of the marmoset type, no larger than a mouse.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Tetter, Tetter, Itch Itch, Scratch, Scratch.

"*Swayne's All-Healing Ointment*," after an experience of many years, has proved to be a sovereign remedy for all skin diseases, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Army Itch, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Blotches, Barbers' Itch, Ringworm, Itching Piles, &c. No case so obstinate or long standing it will not cure. Cures Itch in from 12 to 48 hours. Ask for "*Swayne's Ointment.*" Use no other. Sold by all druggists.

Price 50 cents. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 60 cents. Address DR. SWAYNE & SON, 240 North 6th St., Philadelphia. feb5-eowtf

☞ Louis Moreau Gottschalk, the eminent American pianist and composer, died on the 18th of December, at Tijuca, near Rio Janeiro, after an illness of three weeks. He was born in New Orleans in 1829.

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul-charming. 400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. It can be obtained by sending address, with 10 cents postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 S. Eighth st., Philadelphia oct2-1y

☞ An Indiana man offered $75 for the privilege of acting as hangman at a recent execution. He owed the man a grudge, and wanted to take this last opportunity of dropping the unpleasant subject.

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 129 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUS & Co., sept-1y

A Wonderful Prize Essay.

Prize essays are so common that they excite little interest now-a-days. Particularly is this true of medical prize essays, but one has recently been written which deserves mention, at least. It seems that, some time ago, the Massachusetts Medical Society offered a prize of fifty dollars for the best dissertation on ventilating sick-rooms at the least expense, with the least difficulty, and at the moment needed. Whereupon, somebody writes as follows:—"*Pull down the upper window sash, and leave the fireplace open.*" This is all there is of it. We query whether there has ever been a medical essay written which was more pointed and practicable. If this paper does not win the fifty dollars, we propose to raise that sum from private sources, and pay it over to the author. Sometimes it does a great deal of good to tell people, in plain English, what they already know so thoroughly that they hardly know it at all.—*Herald of Health.*

The Romance of Cure.

The many evidences of extraordinary cures, that are daily reported as effected through

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

Ready Relief and Perfect Purgative Pills in written testimonials from all parts of the world, surpass in wonder the most extravagant miracles of enchantment. Physicians and medical men in all countries pronounce these wonderful remedies a *mystery*, that neither their science of analysis or chemical skill can explain. True, these medicines effect the most marvellous cures, and restore the dying to life, and relieve the most wretched pain-suffering victim of his tortures, in from *one to twenty* minutes, and although they know some of the ingredients of their composition, and Doctor Radway has published their formula (withholding only two newly discovered roots,) still both French, German, English and American chemists and pharmaceutists *utterly fail* with the same ingredients *as prepared by them.* The great success, which these wonderful remedies are constantly achieving, lies in the great secret of combining the ingredients together, after exercising due care in selecting the pure and genuine roots.

Tumor of 12 Years' Growth Cured by Radway's Resolvent.

BEVERLY, MASS., July 18, 1869.

DR. RADWAY: I have had Ovarian Tumor in the ovaries and bowels. All the doctors said "there was no help for it." I tried everything that was recommended, but nothing helped me. I saw your Resolvent, and thought I would try it, but had no faith in it, because I had suffered for *Twelve Years.* I took six bottles of the Resolvent, one box of Radway's Pills, and used two bottles of your *Ready Relief;* and there is not a sign of a tumor to be seen or felt, and I feel *better, smarter,* and happier than I have for 18 years. The worst tumor was in the left side of the bowels over the groin. I write this to you for the benefit of others. You can publish it if you choose. * * * * * * * *

HANNAH P. KNAPP.

Radway's Ready Relief in Two Minutes

gave ease and comfort to a *bed-ridden sufferer*, who for four weeks had been disabled, and for fourteen days under various physicians, receiving no benefit. Read the letter:

"CERTIFICATE!" "COPY!"

During four weeks I had been suffering most severely from most violent pains in the spine, loins, and head. During 14 days I had been utterly unable to attend to anything. After having had medical aid from various physicians, and applied remedies of every kind, without obtaining any relief, my attention happened to be called to *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.* I ordered immediately some to be fetched, and two minutes after rubbing myself with the same, the pains in the head disappeared, and after several frictions with the Relief, the pains in the spine and loins disappeared the next day, so that I was enabled to attend to my work on the same day.

The astonishing rapidity of the action of this glorious remedy compels me to give publicity to this fact in behalf of suffering humanity. I consider it my duty toward my fellow-men, in order that persons suffering in a similar manner may avail themselves of that admirable remedy.

Dortmund, in Westphalia, Prussia 14th Aug., 1869.
(Signed.) HEINRI LIEKE of Germania, near Martin.
Witness: Heiner Numberger, in Dortmund.

Drs. Radway & Co. have never claimed one-hundredth part of the curative virtues for their remedies as is ascribed to them by the people who have used them; for bear in mind, only such diseases and complaints that Dr. Radway, after successful treatment with their remedies knew they would cure, were enumerated in their curative list, so that many of the extraordinary cases that have been reported awakened as much astonishment in the discovery of their remedial agents as in those who had been rescued from death, and made whole and sound.

At first many persons discredited their extraordinary power, from the fact of their disappointment in the use of other advertised remedies—and some believed it impossible for simple medicines made only from vegetable substances—roots, herbs, &c.—should possess such marvellous power. Yet they can readily comprehend that these simple grasses of the field, after undergoing the chemical process of distillation designed by nature in the cow, furnishes us with butter—certainly the most abundant fat, caloric or heat-making—bone, tissue, muscle, sinew and blood-making constituents for the human body.

But when those people who first doubt the efficacy of these remedies commence their use, they became their most earnest advocates.

Consumption, Scrofula, White Swelling, Tumors in the Womb, Stomach, Ovaries, Bowels, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys that have been pronounced incurable, Cancers, Ulcers, Swellings, Stone in the Bladder, Calculous Concretions, Ulcers and Sores of the Bones, Rickets so deeply seated that no other medicines have ever been known to reach, have been cured by the *SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT*, aided by the *READY RELIEF* and *PILLS.*

OVARIAN TUMOR CURED.

Never has a medicine taken internally been known to have cured tumors either of the womb, uteri, ovaries, or bowels; the knife has been the sole reliance in the hands of experienced surgeons; but Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian settles this question. For it has cured over twenty persons of Ovarian Cysts and Tumors, as well as Tumors in the Bowels, Uterus, Womb, Liver, Dropsical Effusion, Ascites, and Calculus Concretions.

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent is $1 per bottle, or $5 for half dozen; Ready Relief 50 cents; Pills 25 cents. Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch St., Philadelphia. Dr. Radway & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York city. jan1-tf

☞ A REFUGE IN TROUBLE.—A negro was caught in a gentleman's garden at Roanoke, N. C., the other night, in close proximity to a lot of fine cabbage. When interrogated as to what he was doing, he replied, "Good Lord! dis nigger can't go nowhar to pray without bein' troubled!" The next day it was discovered that he had prayed some half-dozen heads of cabbage off their stalks.

How Bees Serve Thieves.

There is a large moth commonly known as the death's-head moth, from its having a curious mark on its back like a skull and cross-bones sculptured on an old tombstone, which makes very free with the bee's honey. It flies in the dusk of the evening when the bees are at rest, and enters the hole in the hive, pokes the long sucker through the wax walls which surround the comb, and draws much honey into its stomach. Very often in the long evenings there are many bees lingering round about the hive, but if the death's-head alights and moves towards the door they do not take much notice; yet one sting would kill it, and it has no means of hurting the bee in return. So much troubled are some hives by these curious visitors, that the bees erect a flat wall of wax just within the hive door, allowing a small opening to exist on either hand. This, as a rule, puzzles the moth, and it cannot enter. On the other hand, if a moth gets right into the hive, the bees do not kill it, but either let it alone or use all their ingenuity to stop its honey-stealing propensities. Whilst the moth is enjoying its meal, the bees occasionally pull down some of the honey-comb behind it, and mould the wax quickly, so as to form a dense wall. When the moth has finished its meal, and turns to get out of the hive, it finds itself walled up and imprisoned for life.

Irritable Invalids.

Indigestion not only effects the physical health but the dispositions and tempers of its victims. The dyspeptic becomes, too, in a measure demoralized by his sufferings. He is subject to fits of irritation, suddenness, or despair, as the case may be. A preternatural sensitiveness which he cannot control, leads him to misconstrue the words and acts of those around him, and his intercourse even with those nearest and dearest to him is not unfrequently marked by exhibitions of testiness foreign to his real nature. These are the mental phenomena of the disease, for which the invalid cannot be justly held responsible, but they occasion much household discomfort. It is to the interest of the home circle, it is essential to family harmony as well as to the rescue of the principal sufferer from a state not far removed from incipient insanity, that these symptoms of mental disturbance be promptly removed. This can only be done by removing their physical cause, a derangement of the functions of the stomach, and its allied viscera, the liver and the bowels. Upon these three important organs HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS act simultaneously, producing a thorough and salutary change in their condition. The vegetable ingredients of which the preparation is composed are of a renovating, regulating and *alterative* character and the stimulant which lends activity to their remedial virtues is the purest and best that can be extracted from the most wholesome of all cereals, viz.: sound rye. No dyspeptic can take this genial restorative for a single week without experiencing a notable improvement in his general health. Not only will his bodily sufferings abate from day to day, but his mind will recover rapidly from its restlessness and irritability, and this happy change will manifest itself in his demeanor to all around him. feb5-4t

☞ General Robert E. Lee says he believes that regular and constant labor in Virginia can be secured only by the introduction of a respectable class of laborers from Europe, saying that, although a temporary benefit might be derived from importation of Chinese and Japanese, he fears it would result in eventual injury to the country and her institutions.

Opaline.—It has been found upon trial that nothing adds so much to the beauty, as a beautiful set of teeth. The use of the Opaline never fails to whiten the teeth, giving them that lustre so like the opal itself—that brightness which every lover of beauty so much admires.

☞ Minnesota has had a snow storm, the snow falling to the depth of twenty inches, and the thermometer falling to 30 degrees below zero.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT is the only certain cure for sores and ulcers arising from youth's indiscretion; such sufferers will do well to try this great cleanser; disease cannot live when it is used. Sold at the Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At the residence of the bride's father, "Park Avenue," Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio, on Thursday, Jan. 20, 1870, by the Rev. P. Tinsley, Mr. GILBERT M. LEVETTE, of Indianapolis, Ind., to Miss EMMA JANE JAMES, daughter of C. W. James.

On the 20th of Jan., by the Rev. W. J. Mann, D. D., Mr. HERMAN PAPE, of Allegheny City, to Miss MARGIE SCHNABEL, of this city.

On the 2d of Jan., 1870, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOHN W. DOWNS to ELIZABETH WELDON, both of this city.

On the 3d of Jan., by the Rev. John F. Chaplain, D. D., Mr. GEORGE W. BOWMAN to Miss HENRIETTA C. SMITH, both of this city.

On the 18th of Jan., by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. CHRISTIAN DENAT to Miss BELLA, daughter of Robert Craig, Esq., both of this city.

On the 20th of Jan., by the Rev. William Cathcart, Mr. JOHN C. LEWIS to Miss MARY E. RUTTER, both of this city.

On the 13th of Jan., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. STEPHEN L. BENEDICT to Miss SARAH E. HAMMOND, of Chester county, Pa.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th of Jan., MARY ANN, relict of the late Daniel B. Cooper, in her 76th year.

On the 25th of Jan., ANNIE L., daughter of Henry and Ann Anderson, in her 20th year.

On the 24th of Jan., AMELIA JACOBY, in her 33d year.

On the 24th of Jan., Capt. JOHN T. REILLY, in his 43d year.

On the 24th of Jan., ANN, wife of Matthew Miller, in her 53d year.

On the 22d of Jan., WILLIAM J. HAMILTON, aged 23 years.

On the 22d of Jan., Mr. JOSEPH C. HILL, in his 44th year.

On the 23d of Jan., GEORGE W. HEARD, in his 38th year.

On the 21st of Jan., Mrs. MARGARET ANDERSON, in her 53d year.

At the family residence on Park Avenue, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, on Friday morning, Nov. 12, 1869, Mrs. VANNELIA JAMES, wife of C. W. James, in her 53d year.

Mrs. James had resided at Walnut Hills for twenty years, was extensively and favorably known; had raised a large family, to whom she was devotedly attached; and they, in turn, bore to her all the affection that could flow from devoted hearts. Her Christian character was conspicuously developed. She was always of a cheerful, religious disposition; and with her husband and many of her children, communicants of the Church. Few were more regular in their attendance on the means of grace. She loved the Church and its beautiful service, which was also blessed to her, and carried her through long trials of suffering. Her funeral took place from the Church of the Advent. The house was crowded. The service of the Church was read by the Rev. Mr. Gray, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Elwell, and the body conveyed to Spring Grove Cemetery, followed by a large procession of mourning friends, there to await the resurrection at the last day.

THE COMING YEAR.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for the present year:—

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Auther of "Dora Castell," &c.

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. *It was engraved in England, at a cost of* $2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, *paying in advance*, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

The Man with the Iron Mask.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.]

The man with the iron mask! Yes, there was such a man, who endured not for a month or so, not for a few years only, but for forty-two years, a close imprisonment, during the whole of which time he wore, without once removing it, an iron mask that effectually disguised his identity. The closest scrutiny has been baffled, the most diligent search foiled, in the attempt to fathom the most singular historical mystery that has ever presented itself.

Cardinal Mazarin, who had followed out Richelieu's policy, though by different means, died in 1661. Several months after his death there was sent to the Isle Sainte Marguerite, in the Mediterranean, off the coast of Provence, an unknown prisoner. This prisoner was young, in stature above the average height, and of a handsome, noble figure. On the journey he wore a mask of iron, the lower part of which was furnished with steel springs that allowed of his eating without ever taking off his mask. The orders to his guard were to kill him if he made known who he was. He remained at the island for twenty-nine years, a close prisoner, and was then removed secretly to the Bastile in Paris.

Though secluded so carefully, and guarded so specially, it was clear to all who came in contact with him that he was a person of very great importance. His rooms were handsomely furnished, he was served with the greatest respect possible, the governor the castle himself waited upon him at meals, and never sat down without permission in his presence. His taste for elegant furnishings to his table, for fine linen and lace, was gratified to the utmost, and every facility was given him to make his rigorous confinement as light as possible. He amused himself frequently with a guitar. To give some idea of the importance of the prisoner, it may be said that the Marquis of Louvois, Louis the Fourteenth's prime minister, waited upon him before his removal from the Isle Sainte Marguerite to the Bastile, and at all the interviews he had with him never once sat down.

Shortly after he was brought to the isle he scratched some words with a knife on a silver plate, and flung the plate out of his prison window to a spot where he saw a fisherman's boat moored to the bank near the foot of his prison tower. The fisherman took up the plate and carried it to the governor of the castle. The governor, greatly astonished and much concerned, inquired if the man had read the writing, and whether any one but himself had seen it. The fisherman declared he could not read, and that no one else had seen the plate, which he had only just found. It was not until the governor had satisfied himself beyond a doubt that these were facts, that he let the man go, saying, as he released him, "It is well for you that you do not know how to read."

A doctor who attended the man with the iron mask during his incarceration in the Bastile, said that though he had long waited upon him, he had never seen his face, but his tongue and all the rest of his body he had seen, and that he was admirably formed. Never did this man complain of his condition; never did he let fall a word by which it might be known who he was.

M. de Chamillart, Minister of State, was the last minister who possessed a knowledge of this mystery. When he was dying, his son-in-law, the Marechal de la Feuillade, begged him on his knees to tell him who "the Man" was. The dying minister refused, saying it was a state secret, which he had sworn never to reveal.

In 1703 "the Man in the iron mask" died, having spent forty-two years of his life in prison. He was buried at night, still disguised in his mask, and there was no one to say who or what he had been. At the time of his first imprisonment there was not missed from Europe any one of note, such as "the Man" would seem to have been, nor has any clue been found, either directly or indirectly, to the history of this remarkable being. Suggestions there have been in plenty, but all wide of the mark. The secret of Mazarin's—if Mazarin's it was—has hitherto been shrouded in an impenetrable veil, which all the ingenuity of historians and biographers has been unable to lift. Who shall solve the mystery? A century and a half have rolled away since the great liberator, Death, freed the captive from his prison, and no voice has been found to declare either his name or his generation. Should time eventually reveal them, it must still remain a wonder of the world that ever there should have been a prisoner who was a party, as it were, to his own captivity; who never complained of the treatment which he received at his gaoler's hands; never was known to murmur at his mysterious lot; never, except in the case of the plate, tried to reveal himself; never attempted to escape; was kind and gentle to all who approached him, and whose imprisonment was yet so rigorous as not only to seclude him wholly from the outer world, but to require as one of the conditions of the prisoner's existence, that he should live and die an unknown man, hidden from the sight of his fellow-creatures by the hideous device of an iron mask.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

[Verses suggested by Prang's Chromo of Whittier's "Barefooted Boy."]

There hangs on the wall before me,
  Where the sunshine loves to dwell,
A picture, a sweet little picture,
  That holds me in a spell,—
A boy with sun-browned features,
  All dimpled in childish joy;
And I gaze through the tears that blind me,
  On this little "Barefoot Boy."

The eyes are full of brightness,
  And the cheeks so rosily red,
That it hardly seems a picture,
  But a living child instead,—
A child, with his brown hands hidden
  In the pockets where lurks each toy
Which I know brought childish pleasure
  To this little "Barefoot Boy."

And I think, while my tears are dropping
  Like rain on my open book,
Of my little barefooted darling
  That the summoning angels took;
And I sigh for the vanished brightness,
  As I see each unused toy
That once belonged to my darling,
  To *my* little "Barefoot Boy."

And I think of one sad June evening,
  When the mournful robins sang,
And up from the gathering shadows
  The cry of the whippoorwill rang;
And I think of the gloomy shadow
  That fell on life's brightest joy,
When the angels came in the twilight
  For my little "Barefoot Boy."

I see by some shadowless hearthstones
  Glad children at merry play;
And I think of my life's broad shadow,
  And I weep, and turn away;
And I look at my little picture,
  And the face so bright with joy,
And think that a sinless angel
  Was once my "Barefoot Boy."

S. V. STORM.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

Wishing Mrs. Garston good-night, Thomas Kage proceeded to his home, hungry enough; for he had not yet dined, and it was later than usual. He had for some time thought that the staying in his house (as Mrs. Garston in a sense compelled him to do) was all for the best; he was making an ample living now, and his name stood high in his calling before the world.

Opening the house-door with a latch-key, he was about to enter the dining-room, when a maid-servant ran up.

"A lady is there waiting for you, sir. She says she wants to see you on particular business."

"Who is it?" he asked.

"I don't know, sir. She has been here above an hour. We showed her in there, as there was no fire in the drawing-room, and so the cloth's not laid."

When a man, starving for his dinner, gets told the cloth's not laid, it is by no means agreeable news. Thomas Kage made the best of it, as he was wont to do of most other ills in life. But he did wonder what lady could be wanting him. Seated before the fire, her back to the door, he saw some one in a gray-plaid shawl. She got up as he entered, and turned her head. Keziah Dawkes!

Gray though her shawl might be, it did not equal the gray hardness of her face; but that had grown habitual. Mr. Kage closed the door, and sat down near her, the recent remark of Mrs. Garston's passing through his mind—that Keziah's voice and hands trembled and her lips turned blue when pleading for Barby. Her voice was not trembling now, as she apologized for taking his house by storm to wait for him. He said a few courteous words, and then left her to tell her business.

"I have come to request a great favor of you," she began. "I know how vast is the liberty I am taking in meddling with what you may deem cannot concern me; but interests are at stake which—which—"

Keziah broke down. Not from emotion; she was not one likely to be superfluously agitated, even for Barby; but because she doubted *what* she could say to justify her plea, and yet not say too much. It had to be done; those calm, honest, steady eyes were patiently fixed on her. She went on a little more quickly.

"You are the sole trustee to Mrs. Dawkes's little son, I believe, Mr. Kage."

"The trustee to his property—yes."

"It is accumulating largely, they say."

"Of course. With so large a fortune it could not be otherwise."

"I want you to lend a very, very infinitesimal portion of those savings to the child's stepfather," continued Keziah.

"To Major Dawkes?"

"Yes."

"I am very truly sorry you should have come here to prefer any such request to me, Miss Dawkes. It is not in my power to grant it."

"In your power it is, Mr. Kage; in your will it may not be."

"Indeed you are in error. It is not in my power to touch a fraction of Thomas Canterbury's money, to lend to Major Dawkes or to any other person. If I did so, I should be false to my trust."

"No false really; only in your own estimation."

"False really; I think you must see that, Miss Dawkes. But, put it, as you suggest, I like to stand well with my conscience," he added, smiling, wishing to pass the matter off as lightly as he could.

"I have come to beg, pray, entreat of you to do this," rejoined Keziah with deep earnestness, as if the smile offended her. "I have come to *wrestle* with you for it, Mr. Kage, if need be."

She half rose from her chair as she spoke. Mr. Kage got up and put his elbow on the mantlepiece. He foresaw the interview might possibly turn out more painful than pleasant.

"To wrestle with you, as Jacob wrestled with the angel on the plains of Peniel," she continued, her voice falling, her cold gray eyes searching his. "To say to you as *he* said, I will not let you go unless you bless me."

"Were it a thing I could do, Miss Dawkes, I should not need this persuasion. Being what it is, no entreaty or persuasion can move me."

The voice was all too quietly firm. Keziah's heart began to fail within her.

"I never thought you a hard man."

"I do not think I am one. This is not a question of hardness, but of right and wrong."

"To grant the request would cost you nothing."

"The cost to me we will put out of sight, please, Miss Dawkes, as a superfluous consideration. The request is—pardon me—one that you have no right to make, or I to suffer. See you not," he added, bending his head a little in the force of argument, "that if I were capable of lending (say) one hundred pounds of this money lying in my charge, I might, in point of principle, as well lend the whole? If I could bring myself to touch any of it, what is there to prevent my taking it all?"

Of course Keziah saw it; she was a strong-minded woman of sense and discernment. But Barby's position made her feel desperate, obscuring right and wrong.

"The position I stand in, as sole trustee to so large a property, is a very onerous one," he pursued. "When I found I was appointed to it by Mr. Canterbury's will, the responsibility that would lie on me struck me at once, and I hesitated, for that and other reasons, whether to accept it. Eventually I did so; but I was quite sure of myself, Miss Dawkes. Had I not been, the world would never have found me acting."

Keziah sat forward in the chair, her head resting on her hand. Mr. Kage, still standing, faced her. He seemed firmer than that celebrated mansion pertaining to the boy's property—the Rock.

"It is so trifling a sum that I ask you the loan of! Only three or four thousand pounds."

"The amount, more or less—as you must perceive—has nothing to do with it."

"Do you think that Major Dawkes would not pay you back?"

"I think Major Dawkes neither would nor could," fearlessly replied Mr. Kage. "But—pardon me for repeating it—the question does not lie there."

"Can you suppose that you are fulfilling your duty to the child, when you thus refuse this poor little meed of aid to one who stands to him as a father?" flashed Keziah, temper getting for a moment into the ascendant.

"My duty to the child, my duty to his dead father, lies in refusing it," said Mr. Kage quietly. "But that Mr. Canterbury felt perfectly secure in my faithfulness, he surely would not have placed in my sole hands this great amount of power."

Argument seemed useless, and Keziah sighed heavily. Her face began to take a hopeless look, and Thomas Kage felt for her. But he would have given up his life rather than his probity.

"When Major Dawkes applied to me upon this subject—which fact I presume, is known to you, by your coming yourself—I stopped him at the onset, Miss Dawkes. I told him that the matter was one that did not admit of argument; neither would I permit any."

Keziah did not take the hint. Tenacious by nature in all that concerned Barnaby, she was persistently so now.

"Put yourself in my brother's place, Mr. Kage," she pleadingly said, her tone taking a degree of softness. "If you had some desperately pressing need of temporary help, how would you feel if it were denied you—as you are denying me?"

"I must really beg of you not to pursue this farther," was his rejoinder. "It gives you pain, and is utterly useless."

"Did you understand my hint?" she asked, dropping her voice. "He is in desperate need of it; *desperate!* Nothing else would justify my persistency after your refusal. It is not common debt."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Mr. Kage. "I suspected something of the kind."

"*Will* you not lend it him?"

"No. I regret you should make me repeat my refusal so often. There is no alternative."

Keziah began to understand that there would be none. She lifted her face to his.

"Could you lend him any of your own money, then? *I* would be responsible as well as he for its return."

Mr. Kage smiled.

"You would find me much less hard in regard to my own, if I had any to lend. A struggling barrister does not put by money."

"For 'struggling' say 'rising.' You are that now."

"But I have not been so long enough to grow rich," he rejoined; involuntarily thinking that, if he were rich, to lend money to Major Dawkes would go against the grain.

"Do you know any one who would? any client, for example? Barnaby would pay high interest."

"I do not, indeed. A solicitor would be the proper person to apply to—or a money-lender."

Keziah's private belief was, that Barnaby had exhausted those accommodating gentlemen. She sat on, never attempting to move, and at last began to say a good word for Barnaby.

"There is every excuse to be made for my brother; you must acknowledge that, Mr. Kage."

"Excuse for what?"

"For running into debt. He has been placed in the midst of temptation. Married to a woman who has so large an income, what else could be expected of a man?"

Thomas Kage stared a little.

"I should have considered it just the position that a man might find safety in, Miss Dawkes. Every luxury of life is provided for, without cost to himself."

"You forget his personal expenses—gloves and that."

"Not at all. He reckons, I believe, to draw two thousand a-year from his wife's income for them. And there's his pay besides."

"Who told you that?" asked Keziah, quite sharply.

"Mrs. Dawkes. I had occasion to consult her on a matter connected with the estate, and she incidentally mentioned that Major Dawkes drew two thousand a-year for his private pocket."

Keziah bit her lip.

"Well, what's two thousand a-year to a man of my brother's habits? He has to do as others do."

"I question if Major Dawkes confines himself to the two thousand," rejoined Mr. Kage significantly. "Mrs. Canterbury married him without being secured, and her money lies at the bank in his name. As we are upon the point, Miss Dawkes, it is as well to be correct."

"You wish to make out that he draws just what he pleases of it!" she said resentfully.

"I wish to make out nothing. I have not the smallest doubt that he does do it."

Keziah stood at bay. She had risen to leave; was she to go in her despair, resigning every hope? Once more a piteous appeal for help went out to Mr. Kage. And yet she knew it would be useless as she spoke it. At length she turned to go, Mr. Kage attending her.

"The mystery to me is, how he can get rid of so much money," he remarked on impulse, as he laid his hand on the lock of the door.

"He gambles," whispered Keziah, forgetting Barnaby's interests for once in her bitter abandonment.

"Gambles? Ay, there it is."

But Thomas Kage had no doubt known as much before. He closed the street-door on his guest, and Keziah went into the bleak night, wondering what now could be done for her brother.

While Thomas Kage, standing over the fire until they should bring his dinner, recalled a certain warning in regard to the boy's money, that Mrs. Garston had given him years before. He had thought it quite superfluous then.

"Take you care of it, or Barby will be too many for you. He'd wring the heart out of a live man if it were made of gold."

CHAPTER XXXI.

VERY UNSATISFACTORY.

Something like a week went by, and then Mrs. Garston's house was closed. The hale old lady had gone to her rest.

Down came Mr. Jessup, her solicitor; the same man of law who acted (but not always) for Barnaby Dawkes. Major Dawkes was sometimes involved in odds and ends of affairs that he would not have taken to him, a respectable practitioner. Before her death, Mrs. Garston had said to those about her, "When anything happens to me, send for Jessup, and let him look in my desk for instructions."

Keziah Dawkes was with her when she died. Whether in any hope that a second appeal might be of use to Barnaby, whether in solicitude for the old lady's precarious state, Keziah presented herself at the house one morning, and found her aunt dying—all but gone. Keziah was very angry that she had not been summoned; but Mrs. Garston's maid—who had grown old in her service—said her mistress had forbidden her to send to either her or the Major. Mr. Kage had taken his leave of her the previous night; when he called in that morning, she was already insensible. Keziah listened, and could but resign herself to fate.

In less than an hour all was over. Keziah, taking off her bonnet, remained. She felt to be more mistress in the house than she had ever been before; she went peering about surreptitiously in various places, thinking she would give the whole world to know how things were left. A faint foolish hope had been growing up in her heart—that perhaps, after all, her aunt had relented in favor of Barby.

Mr. Jessup searched for the paper of instructions. They were found to have reference chiefly to her funeral. Keziah looked over his shoulder. Mrs. Garston directed that she should be buried by the side of Lady Kage, and that Thomas Kage should follow her as chief mourner.

He the chief mourner!—a pang of dread shot through Keziah's heart. Could this be an intimation that she had made that man her heir? Barby had said it would be so.

And yet one slight circumstance gave Keziah some little courage: she gathered from the servants that Mr. Jessup had been summoned to a conference on the Friday in the past week. Counting back the days, Keziah found this must have been the one following that pleading visit of hers for Barby. A burning hope sprang up again within her; yes, Mrs. Garston might have relented.

"Can you tell me whether my aunt has altered her will lately?" inquired Keziah of Mr. Jessup, who was putting a seal on an Indian cabinet, were Mrs. Garston's principal papers were kept.

The lawyer turned and looked at the speaker, as if questioning her right to ask.

"You think the inquiry an indiscreet one, I see, Mr. Jessup. In truth, it is almost needless, considering that the will must be so soon made public. But as Mrs. Garston sent for you last week, I thought, perhaps, she might have wanted some alteration made in her will. The summons was a peremptory one, I believe."

"That's just what she did want, Miss Dawkes."

"Did it concern my brother?" quickly cried Keziah, holding her breath.

"I cannot say but what it did," was the lawyer's answer. "That is all I can tell you now, Miss Dawkes," he added, interrupting her as she was about to speak. "For particulars on that and other points you must be content to wait for the will itself."

Well, Keziah could do that; there were some grains of hope to live upon. Very anxiously did she search the lawyer's countenance, if by good luck she might gather from it courage or disappointment; but it gave out neither. A wax face in a barber's shop could not be more impervious than his.

Tying on her bonnet with eager fingers, pulling her gray-plaid shawl around her, she made her way to the street-door, and met Thomas Kage in the garden. A few words passed between them concerning the old friend gone, and then Keziah put a home question.

"Do you know how things are left, Mr. Kage?"

"No."

"Jessup is in there sealing up the places," continued Keziah, looking hard at Thomas Kage, almost as though she doubted his denial. "I find that my aunt altered her will last week, and that the alteration concerned Barnaby."

"Indeed!" was all he answered.

"Of course, after our recent interview, you cannot but know that this is of the very utmost moment to me, Mr. Kage, for my brother's sake," she resumed. "To him it is almost a matter of life or death. If you do know how Aunt Garston's will is left, it cannot hurt you to tell me."

"But I do not," he replied. "I assure you, Miss Dawkes, that I know nothing whatever about the will—absolutely nothing. She never told me how her affairs were settled; never has given me so much as a hint of it."

Keziah saw that he was speaking truth, and continued her way, leaving him to enter. Barnaby Dawkes's communication to her that night at her house—the few whispered words as he was leaving—had three parts scared her senses away. Unless help came to him—Keziah shivered as she strove to put away the thought of what might follow after. Her great anxiety to ascertain whether he was left well off was this, that Barnaby might be able to quiet unpleasant creditors at once with the news.

"Barby, she's gone!" exclaimed Keziah, bursting in upon him as he sat in his study looking over some letters, a cigar in his mouth.

"Who's gone?" returned the Major, thinking of any one at the moment rather than Mrs. Garston.

"The poor old deaf creature. She died about an hour ago."

Major Dawkes got up and stood with his back to the fire, into which he threw the cigar. Keziah thought he looked startled.

"Dead, is she? Rather sudden."

"No, they say not. It's a shame I was not sent for."

"You see now there was not so much time to lose," remarked the Major. "You might as well have done as I asked, you, Keziah."

"I did do it, Barby, dear. I went to her the day afterwards. She'd not give me the slightest hope; was just as rudely abusive of you as ever. So then I went to Mr. Kage."

The Major lifted his eyes.

"What for?"

"To get him to lend you a small mite of the trust money; or rather to try to get him. It was of no use; he was hard as adamant."

"I could have told you it would be no use going to him," was the rough answer; "and I'm sorry you went."

"Well, I did it for the best," she said, thinking how thankless he was—ready to swear at her rather than be grateful.

Major Dawkes gave the fire a stamp with his heel.

"Old Jessup is at the place sealing up the things," continued Keziah. "He had to come and open the instructions for the funeral. Thomas Kage is to be the chief mourner. If—"

"And the chief heir, too, I expect," explosively interrupted the Major. "A sly, sneaking, greedy hound!"

"He's not that, Barby. If she has left him her heir—depend upon it, it is without any connivance of his. But I think there's a chance for you."

"It's to be hoped there is."

She told him what she had learnt, about the lawyer's being summoned to make some alteration in the will, and his acknowledgment that it concerned Major Dawkes. The Major shouted at the news. He looked upon it as a certainty in that sanguine moment, and his spirits went up to fever heat.

The funeral was over. The fine spring day was drawing to a close as the carriage came back again. Thomas Kage, according to appointment, was the chief mourner; just as he had been many years before at another grave, lying side by side.

They assembled in the drawing-room. Keziah Dawkes, the only lady present, looking very grim in her black robes; Mr. Kage; Richard Dunn; Major Dawkes; Charlotte Lowther's husband; Mr. Lynn-Garston, a wealthy country squire, whose brother, Harry Lynn-Garston, was to have married Olive Canterbury; and the lawyer. The will, exciting so much hope and fear in Keziah's breast, was at last about to be made public.

Mr. Jessup unfolded it before them. Within it was a sealed paper, which, according to the deceased's directions, was to be read before the will. It was written in Mrs. Garston's own stiff hand. Mr. Jessup explained that Mrs. Garston had handed him this paper sealed up, giving him no intimation of what the contents might be—only directions to put it with her will, and read it first. The lawyer looked at it with evident interest. His audience listened eagerly. It turned out to be a kind of will, or transcript of her will, interspersed with various remarks, and curiously worded.

"Whereas," (it began, after a few introductory sentences,) "Thomas Kage refuses obstinately to be my heir, as I wished and intended to make him, I dispose of my property amidst others—and I do it unwillingly.

"To Richard Dunn, five thousand pounds. He is an honest man, and has been my good friend.

"To Charlotte Lowther, the step-daughter of my late dear friend Lady Kage, five thousand pounds.

"To Dr. Tyndal five hundred pounds.

"To Mr. Jessup, my lawyer, five hundred pounds.

"Legacies to all my servants—as my will specifies. They have been faithful.

"To Olive Canterbury, my case of diamonds, in remembrance of Harry Lynn-Garston. There are few young women I respect as I do Olive Canterbury.

"To Millicent Canterbury, my set of pearls, and the emerald ring that I am in the habit of wearing on my little finger.

"To Lydia Dunn, a plain Bible, and Prayer Book—which my executors will purchase—hoping she will read and profit by them.

"To Keziah Dawkes an annuity of one hundred pounds for her life. Also a present sum in ready money of two hundred and fifty pounds; to be paid to her within twenty-one days of my death free of legacy duty. Also my set of corals and the two rings lying in the same case. Also four of my best gowns (she is to choose them) and the black-velvet mantle, and the lace that is contained in the top drawer of the ebony miniature set of drawers in the blue bedroom. Keziah Dawkes would have got three hundred a-year instead of one, but for the way in which she has joined Barby to deceive me through a course of years.

"To Thomas Charles Carr Kage, I leave these two houses—this and the one he lives in. He has been as a son to me these many years, and I thought to make him heir to the greater portion of my money. He refuses absolutely—having had enough of unjust wills, he says, in old Canterbury's—but I know that he would have used the money well. If he refuses these houses, I direct that they shall be razed to the ground. It is my earnest desire that he should not refuse; and I cannot think he will so far disregard my last wishes as to do so.

"To various charities, as specified in my will, I leave five thousand pounds.

"Barnaby Dawkes. I declare in this my last testament, that it never was in my thoughts to make Barby Dawkes my heir. Had he shown himself worthy of it, I would have left him amply well off; but my heir he never would have been. As he is unworthy, he will not find himself much the better for me. I bequeath to him an annuity of two hundred and eight pounds; and I further bequeath to him a present sum of five hundred pounds, free of duty, to be paid to him within twenty-one days of my death.

"The rest of my property I leave to Arthur Lynn-Garston, and make him my residuary legatee. And I appoint Richard Dunn and himself my executors.

"MARGARET GARSTON."

Arthur Lynn-Garston looked up in mute astonishment. He had not expected to be remembered at all: certainly not to this large amount. But this was not the true will. Very rapidly the lawyer was proceeding to read that, as if desirous not to give time for comment.

It proved, so far as the bequests went, a counterpart of the paper. And Barnaby Dawkes's legacy of two hundred and eight pounds a-year was to be paid to him by weekly instalments.

"That's all," said the lawyer, folding it up.

Keziah's pale lips were trembling. She approached him with an angry tone.

"You told me Mrs. Garston made some alteration in my brother's favor only a week before she died. Where is it?"

"I did not say whether it was in his favor or against him, Miss Dawkes: only that it concerned him," replied Mr. Jessup in a low tone. "The alteration Mrs. Garston desired me to make was this—that Major Dawkes's annuity of two hundred pounds should be increased to two hundred and eight; and be paid to him weekly. She remarked that Mrs. Dawkes would not live for ever, and he might come to want bread-and-cheese."

What could Keziah answer? Nothing. But her face took an ashy turn in the shaded room's twilight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BEYOND THIS PRESENT.

"We measure life by years and tears," he said:
"We live a little; then life leaves us dead,
And the long grass grows greenly overhead."

The years pass on, some swiftly and some slow,
Each takes a little from red summer's glow;
Each gives a little of white winter's snow.

For ever more and more they take and add;
We lose the things that used to make us glad,
We keep but those that make us slow and sad.

Hot tears well up from out the fountain heart,
We wipe them off with proud resentful start:
Alas, our pride heals not their bitter smart!

The eye is but the surface; deep and wide
Abides beneath the source of their salt tide;
The *heart* must rest ere that full flow be dried.

As on its hinges swings the door of Time,
We catch sweet glimpses of a land sublime,
Filled with the goldenness of Heaven's prime.

And One stands up; oh, fair and full in sight,
With clear true words He calls us day and night!
Help us, O God, to see and hear aright!

For if we see Him, we shall see Thee too;
And if we hear Him, He will tell us true,
And fill our hands with some blest work to do.

And then both years and tears shall surely cease:
Time to Eternity shall make increase;
And smiles shall beautify an endless peace.

A. N.

☞ A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.—We still have a lively recollection of the way in which a South Sea Islander settled a case of conscience. The missionary had rebuked him for the sin of polygamy, and he was much grieved. After a day or two he returned, his face radiant with joy. "Me all right now. One wife. Me very good Christian." "What did you do with the other?" asked the missionary. "Me eat her up."

☞ Eastman Johnson, the clever painter, on being asked by a friend what he had done the year past, replied, "Not much but getting married."

☞ A drunken man who had slipped down, thought it singular that water always freezes with the slippery side up.

A BABY TOMB IN CHINA.

We take the above engraving from a periodical devoted to the missionary cause. It is there stated that tombs like this are to be found in the neighborhood of the large cities of China, into which Chinese mothers drop their living female children, in order to save the expense of their maintenance. We are inclined to think there is some mistake about this, and that these tombs are for the dead, and not for the living. Can any of our readers inform us as to the facts of the case?

A FAMILY-FAILING.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON," "BETWEEN TWO," &C.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

XLI.

AUNT JULIA IS INDIGNANT, AND FERD IS CHARMING.

Ferd's head was not the only one that carried an idea at this eventful period. Aunt Julia's brain had developed one, and she proceeded to set it on its legs.

Eleanor was in the Blue-Room, lounging with a book in her hand, as was her custom when Rupert had left her.

Aunt Julia was visiting the famous picture, and had decided that its progress towards completion was uncommonly slow. "Three days ago he had begun on that coral," she said to herself, and it isn't finished yet." Then she shook her head a good many times, and went towards the Blue-Room, where she surprised Eleanor yawning over her book.

"Reading novels isn't as interesting as having your portrait painted," said this astute personage. "Does Rupert paint *all* the time?"

"N—o," said Eleanor slowly. "Sometimes he sketches me an embroidery pattern, or a design for an antique chair, or a cabinet of the time of Louis XV."

"And what do you suppose that Ruth is doing while he does this?"

"Attending to her housekeeping, I suppose. By-and-by she will have as much as I and keep as many servants; when the property is divided, I mean."

"No—she is crying her eyes out."

"She had better be attending to her housekeeping. But perhaps she is repenting."

"She feels as you do about losing Cecil."

"Oh! she is crying her eyes out about Cecil! I have given up doing that."

"Because you have taken her husband to console you for the loss of yours."

"Aunt Julia!"

"Don't Aunt Julia me. It is true. I don't know but you enjoy his society the more, because his wife is deprived of it."

"It is not I but he who deprives her of it. Rupert is my cousin and my friend. Shall I drive him out of my house because that great baby cries for a toy she never valued until she saw some one else playing with it?"

"Sophistry. You think you are helping to punish Ruth, and you enjoy it."

"Do you know them?"

"Yes. I know what she has done from Rupert. I didn't go at you first, I went at him. He was angry of course. Then he thought it best to defend himself—so he told me the whole story. But I told him that didn't make his case any better—that he might punish his wife, but he shouldn't be spending all of his time with you, particularly when your husband was away."

"And what did he say?"

"Said that he was your cousin. That friendship, and even something warmer was allowable between cousins, and that he would take his dismissal from no one but yourself."

"And if he waits until I give it to him he won't be in a hurry. Dear Rupert! after we have been parted all these years, and he is the only comfort I have! And I am *his* comfort. He told me so."

"A very pretty thing to be the comfort of a man who has a wife of his own to comfort him! I think you're a fool, for I know you're not wicked, but I think Rupert is something more than a fool—for a man knows more about such things than a woman. And you'll both be sorry before many more weeks go over your heads."

"Wait until we are sorry, dear Aunt Julia. How can I turn away my Cousin Rupert, when we both are innocent of anything but loving each other as brother and sister? And he was my earliest friend—almost my preserver."

"Oh! you're nothing but a monkey. It's Rupert I blame."

"You had better blame Ruth. A wheedling, story-telling thing!"

"I see with my own eyes, and don't have to borrow my neighbors'," said Aunt Julia, going out and closing the door with emphasis.

Eleanor sprang up, dropping her book on the floor.

"I *won't* give up Rupert. We are both innocent. People always will think the worst about everything—and if—if they begin to say things perhaps Cecil will come back! Oh! I would be willing to walk over red-hot ploughshares like Queen Emma to bring him back."

"To bring back Cecil?" asked Ferd, who had come in while she was speaking.

"Yes, to bring back Cecil. Oh! Ferd! if I knew of anything to bring him back to me!"

"Why don't you send away Rupert as a preliminary?"

"What do you mean?"

"My dear, don't flash your eyes at me. I mean what I say. *I'd* stay away if I'd come back and found another fellow hanging around my wife as Rupert does around you."

"No you wouldn't. You would stay, and, you being in your proper place, your wife would desire no other society."

"Well, you see I am not of a very jealous temperament, but if I were—"

"Do you think that Cecil—"

"Cecil doesn't say much, but, like many quiet people, he may feel the more.—I'm noisy and careless, but, hang me! if, when I'd been away a month or so, if I should like to find my wife in another fellow's arms the first minute I saw her."

Eleanor blushed.

"But I had thought Rupert dead—and—he is my cousin."

"You didn't know it then, and Cecil knew you didn't. He said nothing, but he looked terribly cut up."

Eleanor hung her head. *Could* Cecil have been jealous? Did he love her enough to be so? But jealousy is often the first sign of love given by these habitually quiet men. The thought was perfectly delightful to her. She laughed, she clapped her hands, and danced with her old lightness around Ferd, who beamed upon her a rather short Maypole decked with wreathing smiles. Truly, "blessed are the peacemakers."

"You will send Rupert away?"

"Rupert! my darling Rupert! How can I be so ungrateful?"

"Did you promise to love, honor, and obey him or Cecil?"

"Oh! I love him, but I love Cecil more, very much more." She blushed beautifully while making this confession. It was to her almost like a girl's bold acknowledgment of the depth of her feeling for her lover.

"Then if you wish to see Cecil back you must say to Rupert, go."

"Not go for good?"

"I fear so. He is very peculiar. Cecil I mean."

"Oh! *can* I?"

"Rupert or Cecil, your cousin, or your husband. You make your choice now for the future." And Ferd snatched up his hat and disappeared, fearing, if he should say anything more, to spoil the plot.

Eleanor went to the window and looked after him with some surprise. How strangely he had appeared! Could he have been Cecil's ambassador? While she was watching him disappear down one avenue, she did not see who was coming up another, dressed in a crimson gown, with blue drapery drawn over the head and shoulders, like Rafael's Mater Dolorosa. She approached hesitatingly, with downcast eyes, pushed open the outer door without either knocking or ringing, crossed the hall and tapped on the door of the Blue Room.

"Come in," said Eleanor, without moving from the window. Some one came in, moving noiselessly, with only the trail of her skirts making known the fact of her presence.

"Is that you, Aunt Julia?" Eleanor asked, still intent upon the wintry prospect.

"It is I," replied a low voice, the sound of which made her turn quickly.

"Ruth!"

"Yes, Ruth." And she raised her heavy eyes to Eleanor's face, with the appealing look that had struck Ferd.

"Won't you sit down?" said Eleanor, not being able to help feeling guilty. "You had better throw off your wraps, for the room is quite warm."

"It is very warm," said Ruth, seating herself languidly and dropping the blue draperies from her head and shoulders.

"How pale you are!" was Eleanor's exclamation, and then she thought, "Anxiety about Rupert has made her so pale," and she herself blushed.

"I cannot say the same about you. I never saw you with more color."

"I am well, and yet I am not well," said Eleanor.

"That is the case with me. I have a perfectly ridiculous appetite, and yet I suffer from dizziness and headache."

"My own symptoms," said Eleanor, and then the two women looked at one another—Eleanor with a startled, inquiring glance, Ruth with a smile, half-sweet, half-pitiful. The latter spoke—"I am glad to feel ill. I hope that I am going to die."

"Oh! no, not to die!" said Eleanor. "You *must* live. You will live."

"I do not wish to live. I have nothing to live for."

"You have everything to live for," said Eleanor. Leaving her seat and going up to Ruth, she leant one hand on her shoulder, and bending forward whispered in her ear. Ruth looked up at her with a bewildered, troubled gaze, put her two hands together, as if in prayer, and burst into tears. Eleanor took her head between her hands and drew it gently to her bosom. "He will come back to you now," she said. Ruth moaned out something, still weeping silently on Eleanor's bosom. "I shall tell him that he must come here no more, until he is reconciled to his wife. If I make him angry, he will naturally go to you for consolation."

"How good you are!" said Ruth, still hiding her face. "I have not deserved it."

"We will both behave better from this time. I want a sister, Ruth. Will you be one to me?"

"Will you let me? Oh! Eleanor!"

"Let us begin to be sisters this very afternoon. Stay with me to-night. We have so much to say to each other."

Ruth let Eleanor remove her wraps, and then she glanced towards the mirror.

"You are looking lovely," said Eleanor. "Your hair looks better in a state of dishevilment, and crying has brought back your color."

"It is your kindness that has done that," said Ruth; and as Eleanor was standing before her, she took her hands, and bending her head upon them, kissed them.

"Don't cry any more," said Eleanor, as some drops fell sparkling on her fingers. "You'll spoil the effect of your corsage. When one wears a Pompadour-waist, one should smile and look bewitching."

Ruth *did* smile, her cheeks soon rivalled the crimson of her robe, and her eyes lighted up with pleasure.

The two made a pretty picture sitting there, with the firelight shining in their faces and over their shimmering silk attire, for it was late in the afternoon of a cloudy day, and the cold gloom without made brighter the warm radiance within. Eleanor sat at Ruth's feet, and her fair locks fell partly over Ruth's lap, partly over the blue of her dress. She looked like pale Morning in the lap of ruddy Eve, so fair and delicate, in contrast with Ruth's full figure, brilliant bloom, and rolling red-brown ringlets. Her hand held Ruth's, and their eyes sought each other from time to time, as if to make sure of the new-born reconciliation.

"And to think that you should be my own cousin, after all!" Ruth said. "You know that?"

"Yes; Cecil told Aunt Julia."

"Did he explain how it was?" asked Ruth, seeming desirous to turn the conversation into an easier channel and dissipate the feeling of strangeness that would come over her in this new aspect of affairs.

"He explained it all that she might tell it to me."

"He must be very much in love with you to have taken so much trouble for your sake."

Eleanor blushed with pleasure, then looked up in Ruth's face—the spirit of the remark was so unlike Ruth's former self.

"I know what you are thinking of," said Ruth; and Eleanor hastily averted her head. "I hope it won't be a case of 'The devil got sick, the devil a monk would be; the devil got well, the devil a monk was he.' But your unexpected kindness when I was so very, very miserable, and when you had it in your power to prolong and increase my misery, makes me feel as if I had been abusing my good angel all these years, and I do love you now, Eleanor, I do, indeed; if you will be good enough to *let* me love you, I mean, for I know I am unworthy."

"My darling Ruth, don't say another word about it, and there are those tears again! I wasn't always a saint towards you, by any means—and I'm not a saint now, for if you think me good to you, it is because I am so happy to know that Cecil loves me, that I don't wish any one else to be unhappy. Now let me tell you how he (that's Cecil) found out that I really am a Rupert, and the legal inheritrix of—the family failings. He remembered to have heard that a fisherman, called Bob Larris, helped Rupert to bury my poor father in the sea, so he inquired him out, the first thing after reaching the fishing village where I was born. Bob Larris remembered all about it, was very much pleased to hear that I was alive, well, and well-married. He asked if Rupert were my husband. Cecil told him that he himself was, and, being so, was anxious to learn some of the particulars of my birth and parentage. Then Bob told him how my poor father had been wrecked upon that coast; how he was rescued by mother's father and brothers, carried to their cottage and nursed by my mother through a fever that followed it. How, when he recovered, he was found to be 'neither mad nor silly,' as Bob phrased it, but 'just a bit *touched*.' The truth was that his mind was jarred, and his memory had failed him, causing him to separate his identity from that of Robert Rupell, whose companion on shipboard he asserted himself to have been, and whose death he mourned continually. Notwithstanding these defects, my mother, 'a buxom, black-haired lass, with cheeks as red as herrings,' as Bob described her, fell in love with the stranger's handsome person, and they were married, the bridegroom seeming perfectly indifferent, but appearing to think it his duty to yield all to her wishes, as he had obediently succumbed to her nursing when convalescing from his illness. Bob said that she made him a good wife, but was jealous of me when I came, because I became so entirely the object of his love and care, to the exclusion of herself. The little sister, who was an infant when I left, is dead, and my mother is married again. At the time of her second marriage, she handed over my father's small possessions to his great friend, Bob. Among them was a small Greek Testament, very much stained with sea-water, having the name of Robert Rupell and some sentences written in it. Bob gave this to Cecil, and, upon comparing the handwriting with some in my possession, it is found to be the same."

"It is a satisfaction to know this, is it not?"

"An immense satisfaction. I am not altogether a 'fish child,' it seems."

"A mermaiden," said Ruth. "You will show me that picture by-and-by, will you not?"

"With pleasure. But it is prettier than I." As Eleanor spoke, a man's step crossed the hall. Ruth turned pale, and involuntarily squeezed Eleanor's hand. Eleanor returned the pressure, and looked into the grate, feeling herself grow very nervous. Ruth drooped her head and closed her eyes. She felt as if she could not endure the suspense, and her hand grew like ice in Eleanor's clasp. The door opened, a voice said, "Hurrah!" and they both looked around with a start.

It was Ferd, who saw at a glance how matters stood, and in his delight rushed up to them, kissed them both, and shook hands with them until their arms ached.

"Isn't this jolly?"

"Oh! *you* had something to do with this, Ferd?" said Ruth.

"Of course I had. And if Rupe and Cece don't come home pretty quick, I'll marry you both."

"That isn't a very fearful threat," observed Ruth, with some of her old coquetry, and Eleanor said—

"You told *me* nothing that was not true?"

"Nothing, on my honor," said Ferd, and then grew very red, for he had, in fact, only surmised what he had told Eleanor.

When they went in to dinner, Aunt Julia was as much surprised as Ferd himself. But she said nothing, of course, with a big, solemn footman at her back and the butler at her elbow. Ferd's behavior was a paan of thanksgiving. He surpassed himself, and allowed no cessation of the mirth, as if conscious that a storm was brewing, and might burst at any moment. He now sat over his wine alone, and, Cecil not being there, followed his cousins when they left the dining-room, and showered jests upon them thick and fast, until at last Eleanor declared that she had no more breath to laugh with, and Ruth's smile grew forced, while listening for a step that did not come.

"Doesn't he usually come here in the evening?" she contrived to ask of Eleanor, unheard by Ferd.

"Generally, for a short time," was the reply. And then she watched and listened, starting every time the wind shook a door, or rattled a dry branch fallen along the avenue.

"Ten o'clock," said Eleanor, as the hour chimed above their heads. "You look tired, Ruth." Then she whispered—"He never comes as late as this." And Ruth said, with a sigh, that she would go to bed.

XLII.

(*From Lady Carrick's Diary.*)

ELEANOR'S EMBASSY.

Ruth did not sleep, tossing and moaning all night, and this morning she looked like a ghost. She said that her head ached, and I advised her to stay in bed, and have her breakfast brought to her, instead of going to the table, where, I think, Ferd's voice jars on her apprehensive senses. Her nerves are at their fullest tension, and it seems as if she would be ill if Rupert should not relent. I bathed her head and then left her, having kissed her the last thing before going out, in accordance with her wish. It seems so odd to find Ruth clinging to me as if I were her sole dependence, so timid, so self-abased. She speaks of Rupert as if he were a kind of god, on whose fiat hangs her future life or death. I hope he will not know that she is here, for I fear he will think we have banded against him. She says that lately he has not appeared to remark any of her movements, or to know if she were in the house or out of it.

I went in to see her after breakfast. She was trembling all over, and I was afraid this might be the prelude to an attack of hysterics, so administered some valerian. She said that she would not get up until the crisis should be past, and asked when I should speak to him. I said, immediately upon his arrival; and just then my maid knocked at the door, and said that Mr. Rupell wished to see me. As I was about to leave the room, Ruth called me back to her. "Plead for me," she said, "as if you were pleading for one condemned to death. And, oh! Eleanor, speak quietly to him."

"My dear, I don't think I shall frighten him." I couldn't help laughing at the idea of poor, fragile me being so terrible to that tall, very-well developed, very-well-able-to-stand-up-for-himself, Rupert. My merriment seemed to re-assure her. She colored a little, as she said—

"I was afraid you might be violent."

"The family-failing, dear? I will endeavor to be as moderate as yourself."

"Ah! I! Well, I never *stormed* much."

"That is true. I will be dignified—hold out the scales, and hide the sword. Good-bye for the present—and pray that your Rupert may be delivered from the jaws of the lion."

I found Rupert in the painting-room, of course. He looked paler than usual; and, was it fancy, or was he a little bit cool in his greeting? He was standing before the picture, and spoke to me when I came in, without turning around—he, who is always so courteous. I began to feel nervous, and twisted my fingers tightly together, as I went forward, and stood beside, and a little back of him.

"It is almost finished," said Rupert.

"Almost? It looks finished, to me."

"Does it? It *is* rough-finished; but there are a thousand delicate touches, and almost invisible shadings required, to give it a perfect finish."

"It looks well enough now, to please me."

"Perhaps you would rather not have any more done to it?" he said, quietly.

"I *would* rather not. Do you know, Rupert, people are beginning to talk?"

"About what?"

"About your being here so much."

"Is it any of their business?"

"Not exactly; unless—"

"Well?"

"Unless those who have a right—"

"Who are those?"

"Don't you mind what Aunt Julia says?"

"In this case, no."

"Or—or Ferd?"

"Not in the least. It is none of his affair."

"I—well, suppose he thinks Cecil might not like it?"

"Oh! if Cecil doesn't like it, I suppose I must go."

He said this with such a sneer, that I retorted—

"You, yourself, said that I ought to seek a reconciliation with my husband."

"I did, Eleanor," he said, facing around, "but not at the price of my expulsion. Whatever anyone may say, is not true. And if you knew how happy I am when here—how wretched when at—home. *What* a home!"

He had taken my hand when he began to speak, and my heart was melting towards him; but the tone in which he had said—"What a home!" and the shrug, accompanying it, brought me back to my original purpose.

"It might be all that a home should be, if you would forgive," I said.

"I have forgiven."

"Then you must have ceased to love."

"Eleanor, it is not as easy to 'cease to love,' as I wish it were. Respect sometimes dies of that which will not kill love."

"Then, if you love her still—"

"That is neither here nor there. Am I to be sent away from you because 'people talk?'"

"Yes."

"And only for that?"

"Isn't that enough?"

"You are not answering my question."

"I have answered it."

"Like a Jesuit. I wish a reply to each one of the clauses. Am I sent away because Ferd, Aunt Julia, etc., say that I am compromising you—or for some ulterior reason?"

"*I don't choose* to be talked about," I responded hotly, angry at being driven into a corner, in this way.

"You have not answered me."

"I shall make no other reply."

"I *am* answered now. I shall go, then, because you have promised Ruth Rupell to drive me away. Perhaps she hears me now; but if she does not, tell her, that in depriving me of my small share of comfort in this life, she has not added to her own stock."

"Oh! Rupert! Poor Ruth—she is so unhappy."

"It is as I thought. I don't feel hardly towards you, Eleanor—you are only saying your lesson."

"Rupert, for mercy's sake!"

"You may give my good-bye to Mrs. Rupell, and tell her that she is at liberty to follow her own plans, now. I shall be neither an obstacle, nor an instrument."

He turned and went towards the door. I followed him.

"If you would only see her once! Only for a minute!"

"I have seen her many times too often. Good-bye, Eleanor."

He put his hands on my shoulders, bent and kissed me gravely. I held him tight.

"You won't go away, Rupert?"

"Do you tell me to stay?"

"Oh! what shall I do? Will you see her, if you stay?"

"In your presence. Yes."

"Well, stay, then."

"Very well." And he put down his hat, and went back to the picture.

"Will you want me to sit to you, now?"

"In about fifteen minutes, if convenient."

I muttered something, and flew out of the room. In the hall, I paused. A conviction slowly forced itself upon me. *To keep Rupert, I had given up Cecil.* And yet how could I have done otherwise, with the recollection of that unhappy woman awaiting me upon her restless bed? Could I tell her that he had gone forever, when, by keeping him, I opened for her an avenue to future reconciliation? And yet—Cecil! He is my husband; my first duty is to him. But my helpless enemy lay at my feet, having put her life into my hands. I knew if I thought it over a minute longer that I should turn back, tell Rupert that I had reconsidered my determination, and he must go. So I ran down the stairs and into my chamber, where Ruth was.

What a death-like face she raised from the pillow when I went in! I did not speak for a moment, for I felt that I should burst into tears if I did. And Ruth, having looked at me, and seeing nothing but woe in my face, sank back again, and covered her head with the sheet. I went up to the bed and pulled the sheet from her face.

"It is all right, Ruth," I said.

She sprang up in bed with a scream of joy, that amply repaid me at the instant for what I had done.

"It is all right!" she repeated, her cheeks glowing, her eyes shining.

"It *will* be all right in the course of time."

Her countenance fell. "Then he hasn't forgiven me?"

"He says that he has."

"He says as much as that?"

"Yes; and he has acknowledged that he still loves you."

"Oh! may God bless you."

"But yet, Ruth, he says that you have lost his respect."

"I shall regain it if he loves me still. Was he very angry that you should send him away?"

"Oh! he is going to stay."

"He is *going to stay?*"

I felt myself redden in spite of myself, as I replied—"He says that he will only see you in my presence."

"O—h!"

"If it hadn't been for that he would have left you forever."

"He will see me *only in your presence?*"

"I thought that quite a concession."

"A very great concession. Shall you come to stay at his house?"

"I don't—understand you, Ruth."

"Or am I to remain here—a kind of marital sheep-dog, whose presence will prevent remarks?"

"Ruth!"

"I will not secure an occasional glance or word from my husband on any such terms. I will not be a blind for his love for any woman."

"Do you say that to me, Ruth!—to me who have given up my husband that I may restore yours to you? Do you know that Cecil went away because of Rupert?—Ferd told me so yesterday—and if Rupert should go away he would come back to me. And, to give you a chance, I kept Rupert and let my Cecil go. I will make him go now, and you may follow him, and get him back yourself, if you can."

I rushed towards the door, but as I touched it, Ruth detained me.

"Eleanor, forgive me, oh! forgive me. I did not know this. I was jealous, I was mad with my misery, and my unfortunate temper made me say what I would give anything to unsay. You will forgive me, will you not, and let it all be as it was before?"

"You wish Rupert to stay?"

"No, no. Let him go that Cecil may come back. What am I that you should make such a sacrifice for me?"

"It is a sacrifice, but I will make it willingly for your sake and Rupert's. And you shall stay here with me, so that you may see there is nothing underhand about it."

"Oh! Eleanor, I am so ashamed! You had better give me up. There is no good in me. Whatever you may do for me I shall turn upon you, I know I shall."

"I hope not, Ruth. This may be a lesson for you, and teach you not to suspect people who are trying to do you good."

"I hope it will." And she began to shake out her hair, trying to braid it up with trembling fingers.

"Are you going to dress yourself?"

"Yes; don't let me keep you."

"I am going to sit to Rupert. When you are dressed you had better join me in the painting-room."

"Yes," said Ruth, sitting down, and pushing back her hair. She looked so utterly disconsolate that I told her I should send in my maid to dress her hair. "She is a merry, chatty little thing, and I don't believe you can keep from laughing at her queer pronunciation and odd ideas. Be sure to join me as soon as you feel like it. Amalia will make you pretty enough to meet any adorer."

"Thank you," she said, and, as I left the room, I saw her rest her elbow on the dressing-table, and drop her head on her hand.

"She had no business to suspect me," I said to myself as I closed the door, and went on my way to the painting-room.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

A Long Walk.

In 1732, Thomas Penn contracted with Teedyuscung and some others for a title to all the land in Pennsylvania, to be taken off by a parallel of latitude from any point as far as the best of three men could walk in a day, between sunrise and sunset, from a certain chestnut tree, at or near Bristol, in a northwest direction. Care was taken to select the most capable for such a walk. The choice fell on James Yates, a native of Bucks county, a tall, slim man, of much agility and speed of foot; Solomon Jennings, a Yankee, remarkably stout and strong; Edward Marshall, a native of Bucks county, a noted hunter, chain-carrier, &c., a large, heavy-set, and strong-boned man.

The day was appointed and the champions notified. The people collected at what they thought the first twenty miles of the Durham road, to see them pass. First came Yates, stepping as light as a feather, accompanied by T. Penn and attendants on horseback. After him, but out of sight, came Jennings with a strong, steady step; and not far behind, Edward Marshall, apparently careless, swinging a hatchet in his hand, and eating a dry biscuit. Bets ran in favor of Yates. Marshall took biscuits to support his stomach, and carried a hatchet to swing in his hands alternately, that the action in his arms should balance that in his legs, as he was fully determined to beat the others, or die in the attempt. He said he first saw Yates in descending Durham Creek, and gained on him. There he saw Yates sitting on a log, very tired; presently he fell off and gave up the walk. Marshall kept on, and before he reached the Lehigh, overtook and passed Jennings—waded the river at Bethlehem—hurried on faster and faster by where Nazareth stands, to the Wind Gap.

That was as far as the path had been marked for them to walk on, and there was a collection of people waiting to see if any of the three would reach it by sunset. He only halted for the surveyor to give him a pocket-compass, and started again. Three Indian runners were sent after him to see if he walked it fair, and how far he went. He then passed to the right of Pocono Mountain, the Indians finding it difficult to keep him in sight, till he reached Still Water; and he would have gone a few miles further but for the water. There he marked a tree witnessed by the three Indians. The distance he walked between sun and sun, not being on a straight line, and about thirty miles of it through woods, was estimated to be from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty miles. He thus won the great prize, which was five hundred pounds in money, and five hundred acres of land anywhere in the purchase.

James Yates, who led the way for the first thirty miles or more, was quite blind when taken out of Durham Creek, and lived but three days afterwards. Solomon Jennings survived but a few years. Edward Marshall lived and died on Marshall's Island in the Delaware River. He arrived at about ninety years of age. He was a great hunter, and it is said he discovered a rich silver mine, which rendered him and his family connexions affluent; but he never disclosed where it was, and it continues unknown to this day.

☞ The eight hour men will not be surprised at the appearance of a four hour man, who has taken the trouble to argue that freemen should not work more than four hours a day, and should devote the rest of their time to sleep and self-improvement. Working-men, however, might object to the other part of his theory, where he shows they can live on sixpenny dinners, and thrive on meals, consisting of two cents' worth of bread and a jug of milk.

☞ PAPER-GRASS.—Paper-grass is being extensively cultivated in England. It is said that a ton of this substance makes nearly one thousand pounds of paper, of a tough, durable quality; but it is doubtful if it will ever supersede rags for all the finer qualities.

☞ Mrs. General Gaines offers to compromise with those holding her property in New Orleans for ten cents on the dollar of assessed value.

☞ The withdrawal of the Rev. Dr. Osgood from the Unitarians, creates a flutter of interest in religious circles. With what religious body he will determine to connect himself he has not yet decided. He says he is neither anti-Trinitarian nor anti-Unitarian, but desires to stand on the unsectarian foundation of the apostles. His present tendency is toward the Episcopal Church. During his recent visit to England he saw much of the clergy of the Established Church, and expresses the opinion that the doctrinal points of the past excite no interest among the masses of intelligent English people. He speaks of the sentiments of several high divines of the Church of England as remarkably liberal. For the present, Dr. O. will devote himself to literary pursuits.

☞ After a Louisville butcher had sold a quantity of pork last week, he made the cheerful discovery that it was infected with trichinæ. By the aid of swift-footed employees he notified his customers and preserved them from the horrible fate of being eaten alive.

☞ A young lady went to a photograph artist recently and wished him to take her picture with an expression as if composing a poem.

Cost of Living Abroad.

BY THE REV. DR. OSGOOD.

It does not cost as much as I expected to travel and live in Europe. Some friends said that I might get on well with ten dollars a day in gold, and, on thinking the prospect over, I thought that seven dollars a day ought to be enough. I am speaking, of course, now of the proper expenses of travel, and not of the outlay for dress, works of art, books, &c., for which a man can spend any amount that can be named. For these proper expenses, I found my estimate too high, and that six dollars a day in gold will cover the whole amount of this expenditure for two hundred and fourteen days of absence. Some persons spend less, and some spend more. A young man told me that by walking much and going to cheap hotels, he got along for two or three dollars a day; and I have very trustworthy information from a banker, of one small American family that spent at the rate of over two thousand dollars a day, although I think that this sum must include all the expenses of dress, curiosities, jewels, &c. Probably most readers will be very much of my way of thinking, and desire to travel in a quiet, unostentatious way, and have all essential comforts and refinements without dash or extravagance.

Railroad Fares.

Americans generally are agreed on one point—that they will not consent to anything that looks like degradation, nor be mixed up with low company, or unclean usages, for the sake of a little saving. We must go in good vessels and cars, and have good beds and tables, or we are not at ease; and, in a reasonable sense of the term, we are the most aristocratic nation on earth, and quite as much set against dirt and vulgarity as the upper classes of English society. If we go in first-class steamers and cars, and live at first-class hotels, we may get along with six dollars a day, comfortably, on an average; and for a less sum, if we stop long at important places instead of being on the wing. It is often said by Englishmen that a pound, or five dollars a day, is enough to spend in travel, and this is probably so where the stops are long and the journeys are short, as with the English in their summer tours on the Continent. But if one is constantly moving from place to place by long reaches, the expenses are greatly increased. Thus, at Rome my regular bill at the best hotel there—the Angleterre—was but twelve francs, or two dollars and forty cents, a day; while the fare to Marseilles, which is usually reached in thirty-six hours, or a day and a half, was one hundred and twenty-five francs, or twenty-five dollars—which amounts to over sixteen dollars a day. The fare by the express train to Paris from Marseilles was one hundred and ten francs for sixteen hours, which is at the rate of thirty-three dollars a day. In France and England, however, railroad travelling is much more costly than in Switzerland, Germany, and Italy. In Germany the second-class cars are as good as the first-class cars elsewhere, and cost about three cents a mile—a rate which enables a traveller to go a tolerable day's journey for six dollars, at the speed of twenty-five miles an hour. In Italy the cost of railroad travelling in first-class cars, which are most preferable, is from six to eight dollars per day of ten or twelve hours at the usual speed.

Hotel Prices.

There is not a great difference in the cost of hotel living in different parts of the continent of Europe; all are cheaper than the English hotels. At a first-class hotel in London, such as the Langham, which is made so pleasant to Americans by Colonel Sanderson, formerly of New York, a good single room costs a dollar and a half a day, dinner at the *table d'hote* the same, breakfast seventy-five cents, attendance thirty-seven cents, making a regular daily charge of $4.12 a day. A man may make this sum considerably less by taking an upper room and dining at the restaurant, but this is the amount that an American is likely to find himself moved to spend, and it is not much above the mark to say that it costs five dollars a day to live well at a London hotel without expensive wine.

In Paris the rates are less, except, perhaps, at such "swell" establishments as the Grand Hotel. Your room will cost, at such an excellent hotel as the Chatham, which so many quiet Americans frequent, from four to eight francs, or from 80 to $1.60 according to position; breakfast 60 cents, dinner $1, service 25 cents a day; the whole amounting to from $2 65 to $3.05 a day, without wine. In Switzerland room rent is very cheap, and a good chamber does not generally cost more than 60 cents a day; and dinner varies from 60 cents to $1; and you can make an agreement for any length of time to live comfortably at from seven to ten francs a day, or from $1.40 to $2 a day. A well-educated clergyman told me that at a good *pension* in the beautiful town of Lausanne he could live comfortably with his family by the month at the rate of five francs per day each person.

At Rome a clergyman of my acquaintance, who has refined tastes and a wife with good Boston notions of comfort, took rooms near our hotel, and assured me that he estimated its expenses at not more than a dollar and a half a day for each member of his family of seven persons. He hired pleasant apartments, and had his meals served and his work done by servants of his own. His figures may have been somewhat too low, but not much, I think. Rome is generally a cheap place to live in, and I have reason to speak well of the hotels there, alike for comfort and attention. In one respect they go beyond Switzerland in cheapness, and at the Hotel d'Angleterre, besides an excellent dinner, the light wine of the country was given at pleasure to the guests for one dollar.

I may as well say that in Europe everybody seems to drink wine at dinner, and the stomach is thought to be protected by it from the doubtful mercies of most of the water. My experience favors the general impression that the water is often debilitating, and that a moderate allowance of light wine is proper, as it is common. A frugal and temperate man may add from twenty-five to fifty cents to his daily expenses for this item, or may substitute beer at half, perhaps quarter, the cost.

Of course we may greatly increase or lessen our expenses by our habits of frugality or extravagance. I am speaking of the moderate outlay for one person. If one has a private parlor the amount is nearly doubled, and the presence of ladies always brings more formality, delicacy, attendance and delay. If husband and wife travel together the expenses are in most respects more than doubled; and even if they do not indulge in the luxury of a private parlor, they must expect to be subject to the red-tape exactions which wait on all royalty, and which try to make out every lady to be a queen. It is not well to overlook any causes that change our rate of expense. Thus, if we travel in a country where we have many friends who ask us to visit them or dine with them, our hotel bill may be less, but the cost of carriages and other incidentals may be more.

Carriage Hire.

In travelling in America a large part of the expense is for transit from point to point, between hotel or house and steamboats and stations. Thus you are usually charged a dollar and a half, and sometimes more, for a carriage to take you from your house in New York to the railway station, not a mile distant. In Europe the cost for such service is very little, and you find good conveyances within call, at very low rates. In Rome you can ride anywhere in the city with a friend a single course for sixteen cents, and the driver is quite happy if you make it twenty cents. In London you can have a cab for a mile for twenty-five cents, and for greater distances at reduced rates. In Berlin you can have a cab for twenty minutes for twelve cents, and for half an hour for seventeen cents; and you can take your luggage with you for twelve cents additional. In Paris you have a good vehicle with two seats for forty-five cents an hour by day and sixty cents at night, with a few cents extra charge for baggage, and about ten per cent. less if you take the vehicle in the public street, instead of ordering it at the stable.

So great is the difference between coach-hire in New York and Paris, that a friend of mine in Rome, who is very accurate in his statements, told me that it cost him sixteen dollars in New York to take his family and baggage to the boat, and very much the same service was performed for him at Paris for two dollars and a half.

Labor.

Labor is cheap in Europe, and cheaper than we desire to see it in America; while it is evident that labor might be cheaper here without loss to the laborer if the prices of living were less. I have not the full facts to illustrate this subject, and will speak only of what came under my notice. In Switzerland you can have a man and horse or mule a day for two dollars or two and a half, even in places where travellers are numerous; and in Germany seventy cents or a German dollar is thought fair pay for an intelligent guide in the city or country. In Venice, Florence and Rome a dollar secures you a well-informed guide; and Mr. Bruno, at the Hotel Angleterre, Rome, who is a most courteous as well as intelligent man, was most happy when he earned five francs a day for conducting strangers among the ruins and arts of that city. In Paris mechanics have usually five francs, or a dollar in gold, a day—and for a very substantial day's work.

Traffic.

The price of the native products of industry shows the rate of common labor. Thus you can buy in Switzerland for a dollar or a dollar and a quarter, a collar or other piece of lace that seems to require days of skillful labor; and I was assured that a lady's necktie that was offered for a dollar and a quarter took eight days to make. For a franc, in Venice, elaborate pieces of shell work were everywhere offered, and I did not see how more than one a day could be made by one pair of hands, although there is no limit to what skill can do. In Naples you can buy finely cut lava cameos at from one to two dollars each. I have a head of Dante, that cost me only two dollars, that is a little gem of art. A painter offered me a good copy of a Madonna or Sybil of Guido, I am not sure what it was, but it was very beautiful, for four napoleons, or sixteen dollars, and I did not see how he could have done it in less than that number of days. I was led to think that in Germany skilled labor brought less than a thaler, or seventy cents, a day, and in Italy apparently less. In Milan handsome gloves with three buttons sell for forty or fifty cents a pair, and in Rome the most beautiful scarfs are sold at five and six dollars each; such as sell in New York at so many times more. Such facts of course prove that labor must be very cheap, and far cheaper than we ought to desire to see it in this country.

House Rent.

Houses and rents are closely connected with the price of labor, and also of all commodities; for if labor is cheap, materials are easily got out and transported, and if building costs little, rents will generally be low, and sellers can live well on comparatively small profits. In many parts of Europe, where the buildings are numerous and the population does not increase, perhaps diminishes, houses are almost as free as the hills and pastures, and are looked upon as having a sort of superannuated value. They once cost something and were valuable, but they have had their day and use, and, like old ships, whatever is made out of them is so much unexpected luck. I suppose that a family with little money, who wish to live with a look of splendor, may find many a palace in Italy in the decayed cities at less rent than will secure a third-rate house in New York. I did not inquire the prices of stores in Europe, but goods seemed to me generally cheap, and rents must be somewhat in proportion. I bought a good silk hat in Venice for $3.40; a handsome suit of light woollen summer clothes of the Court tailor in Berlin for $20, and had them made to order. I confess that his Majesty's costumer somewhat surprised me by coming with his workmen to my room, at the Hotel Royal, to try on the coat in its unfinished condition on Sunday morning, just as I was preparing to go to the pulpit of the American Chapel in Berlin—a fact that made the preacher think more, not less, of the good old Sabbath rest of our genuine Americans.

Rents in Europe vary much in different cities and different seasons. Reports represent the present charges at Rome as enormous, and I presume that there is some foundation for them. Yet I went about among the furnished apartments there with Bruno, to get information for a friend, and I found excellent quarters for the whole season at rates that would be thought very moderate in New York. Everybody lives there in suits of rooms on floors, and I visited no one but the Pope who had the whole house to himself. In fact I do not remember visiting any friends on the Continent who occupied a whole house except a banker, in Paris, and our American Minister in Florence. This usage not only makes the rent less, but brings down the price of service, furniture, fuel, &c. A handsome suit of furnished apartments can be had in Paris for prices at from five hundred to two thousand dollars a year for families such as would be obliged to spend two or three times that amount for a suitable house in New York. At Rome the American Club rents the ground floor of the Palace Gregori for $1,500 a year; a suite of rooms which would cost about as many thousands in an equally central hotel in New York. When I left Rome, at the close of November, the prices of rooms had not been generally raised, and there were long lists of vacant apartments at the banker's, although in some cases attempts had been made to extort exorbitant sums from families that had taken lodgings without having made terms previously. The Roman people are said to be very mean and grasping in money matters, and a very excellent American priest, who insisted upon it that they were pure in their domestic morals, allowed that they were not to be trusted at all in business affairs, and were sure to cheat you whenever it was possible. I did not see much of this disposition, perhaps because I dealt mostly with the best class of people, and was, moreover, not worth plucking.

Advice to American Families.

I am sometimes asked if families of limited means, who find it hard to live on their incomes here, can do better by going abroad. My advice to American families is, that they should look upon their own country and home as the best place for them—other things being equal, and that they should regard it as a great advantage to live in a climate and among a people familiar to them. Yet it is undeniable that small incomes bring far more comfort and advantage abroad than at home—not only by buying more commodities, but by saving self-respect from the sharp wounds which so often are made here by reduced fortune and the too frequent loss of attention. Thus a family of half a dozen persons in New York city, with two or three thousand dollars income, cannot live in what is called genteel style, and keep in society, and educate the child or children, while in Geneva, or Dresden, or Munich, they can get along comfortably with that sum, I think, and can be free from the painful comparisons that are made here between them and more showy neighbors. Moreover, they can abroad associate with persons of refinement on the basis of character and intelligence, instead of wealth and parade, and also live within reach of music and other arts that are pleasing and instructive, and sufficient to meet the social wants, which in America are met often in such a prodigal way. I am assured that at Dusseldorf, and near by on the Rhine, you can rent a good house and garden for two or three hundred dollars, with good churches and schools within reach. It is remarkable how little respectability depends upon more money getting and money spending in the most cultivated portions of Europe; and I have visited a great scholar at Berlin, in his frugal rooms on the third floor of the house, and found him courtly as well as refined, and not only in the best Berlin society, but a favored guest at the King's table. We Americans ought to have this spirit, and respect worth more than wealth; but I am sorry to say that nowhere in the world have I seen so much sycophancy to mere money as in this metropolis of ours.

We are a young nation, but are suffering from some of the worst vices that the Old world has outgrown. While France is making a new study of social economy, and the art of living is more and more based upon positive science, and to live beyond the income is thought folly as much as wrong, we are rushing on pell-mell into extravagance, and bringing up our children like princes. Shortly after returning home, I chanced to walk up our Fifth avenue on a pleasant day, and was startled by the splendor of equipages, and especially the excessive dress of the ladies on foot. What did it mean? for it looked like a grand parade, such as would have brought Paris into the streets in admiration. But no. It was only the usual show. All that array of feathers and lace, velvet, satin, and cashmere—all that marvellous work upon the hair, and perhaps upon the face—it was nothing unusual, but an every-day affair. I confess to thinking that our American ladies are the handsomest on earth, and I have no quarrel with beauty or with any other gift of God; but I am sure that they would be none the less *dear* to men if their habits were less *expensive*.

Abroad you feel that money is a very serious matter, and that it must be earned with great effort. Thus Switzerland is rising from ice and filth under the spur of gain; and while the desire to earn money is not the highest motive, it is better than no motive at all, and may start other motives in its turn; and certainly a great many virtues tend to go with industry and thrift. Italy is feeling the same spur, and is going through an industrial and commercial training, whose fruits cannot but be good on the whole. An American can hardly understand the disposition with which a Swiss mountaineer or an Italian peasant regards a shining franc, so much of solid value that is usually out of his reach does it command, and it puts him in possession of some luxury that would otherwise be as far out of his reach as a star of heaven. It is well for Americans to connect this love of gain with honest industry, and not encourage idleness or folly by prodigality or alms-giving.

At home we need the same care with ourselves and our children; and we are not only to return to the old specie payment, but to the old specie sobriety. At present our habits are more inflated than our currency; and we need at once the reduction of our public taxes and our private extravagance. The costs of living moderately here are great, and the last few years have a story to tell of embarrassment and wretchedness in families of refined tastes that has not yet been written. It is not wise to expect to set back the tide of custom by words, but every honest and just word does some good, and my earnest word to Americans is this, as I close this essay: Be true to this republic of Washington and Franklin; make it easier for Americans to live at home than abroad; encourage the industry that earns a fair income, and the economy that gives it a fair market for buying and selling; make it possible for worthy young people to marry and live together in comfortable homes; stop the work of licentious habits, the importation of foreign vices, and the banishment of so many of our best people to other lands and tolerable prices.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

☞ They have colored policemen at Little Rock, Arkansas, and also at New Orleans.

☞ On the day of the funeral in Paris of Victor Noir, Marshal Canrobert, the commander-in-chief of the forces about the city, was asked what he would do in case of a riot. He replied: "I shall shoot down 40,000 men if necessary, and I only ask five minutes to quiet Paris."

Window Gardening.

In these chilly wintry days, when Nature has doffed her green mantle and shrouded herself in her elder down covering of snow, all lovers of house plants pay close attention to their window gardens, and sigh to see the green leaves fade, the plants wither and finally die.

As we keep seventy-five pots of house plants, we think that we know a little concerning their cultivation. There are some plants which will thrive with scarcely any care; will send forth new leaves, and then the sweet, pure blossoms, regardless of the treatment they receive. Among these the *Chinese Primrose* takes front rank. Eight to ten months out of the twelve will find it covered with its showy white or brilliant pink flowers. Its cost is small; a twenty-five cent scrip will purchase a well-grown plant—and its flowers are a certainty. *Czar Violets* blossom all winter, and perfume the air with their wondrous fragrance. The flower is single, like a wild violet; but its sweetness is unsurpassed by its more dazzling sisters. *Belgium Daisies* will blossom for months. *Begonias* will also well repay the cultivator, and push forth their waxen petal blossoms during all the gloomy winter season. *Boucardias*, with their coral flowers, adorn a window garden for many months with a quick succession of buds and blossoms. The variegated foliaged plants are a charming addition to our *parterres*. Their brightly-tinted leaves are almost as beautiful as flowers. The craze for these plants has developed largely of late years, and the Florist's Catalogues offer us a large assortment. There are various species of *Achyranthus*, and of *Coleus*, each and all of them very desirable to the amateur gardener. All the above mentioned plants grow without much coaxing, and with a Rose geranium, and several varieties of Horse Shoe geraniums, will form a very respectable "window garden;" and give great pleasure to not only their owner, but to the passer-by.

Flowers blooming in windows are very attractive, far more so than gorgeous upholstery and filmy lace. They possess a charm above price. The amateur cultivator finds his greatest difficulty in flowering plants to proceed from the dryness of the air of the room. The plants cannot be sprinkled daily on account of their nearness to the windows; but the leaves can be sponged over with a soft cloth or a bit of sponge. This clears them of dust and keeps open the breathing pores, for a plant breathes through its leaves. They are its lungs; if they are clogged it must wither away and die. Without a sufficient amount of air, light and water they will also become weak and sickly, and will eventually perish. Fresh air should be given *every day*, unless the thermometer marks below zero all day. The window at which they stand can be opened from the top if the sun shines bright and warm upon the plants; if not, open one in another part of the room, for ten minutes at least. This supply of pure air is quite as needful for the human life which occupies the room as for the plant life. Every day, while we eat our dinner, the parlor is aired by door and window, and when we return the room is *so* refreshing we enjoy it with the plants. Bad air kills more of our children than any disease, in fact it breeds it—is the cause of diptheria, fevers, &c., &c., to the end of the catalogue of diseases.

There is an art in watering plants which a novice rarely knows. They should never be watered unless they are really thirsty; unless the surface of the soil is dry, then water until in runs out into the saucer. After all are thus thoroughly watered, turn out the surplus which is in the saucers, as it is injurious to most plants to have the pot stand in water. Hydrangeas, Calla Lilies, and Lobelias, are the exceptions which prove this rule. Plants which are budding and blossoming vigorously, require more water than those which are not so healthy. In fact judgment is needful in this matter of watering, and it is only attained by practice. One thing is very necessary, and that is always to use water warm to the hand. Never apply even *one drop* of cold water. It chills the roots so that they cannot grow. We had a friend who used to water her plants with the tea left in the teapot after breakfast, and her success as a cultivator was marvellous! Rather expensive after "this cruel war;" but it certainly was efficacious. All plants kept in rooms should be well washed at least once a fortnight, and once a week will ensure a more healthy growth. A bathing or a wash-tub does the work well. Set the pots in it, sprinkle the tops with warm water; then scrub off the pots and the saucers; not them in the kitchen to drain for awhile. If you are mistress of the kitchen, this process can be accomplished without much trouble. If Bridget or Dinah is mistress—why—the case is altered! Still cleanliness is all important to plant culture. No plant will flourish unless it is attended to in this respect; and it is one reason why so few succeed in raising house plants to perfection. If a newspaper is thrown over a stand of plants every time the carpet is swept, a great deal of dust is warded off; but still the dust will eventually clog the pores and stifle the life of our cherished pets. If a lady would wash her plants as often as she washes her poodle dog, there would be a much greater show of flowers on her stand. Newspapers are also invaluable for protecting plants on frosty nights, either pinned around them in cornucopia shape, or several thicknesses of them inserted between the plants and the windows. When the mercury early in December fell to twenty-five below zero, our plants were thus protected in a room warmed by a fireplace. Newspapers are invaluable assistants in more ways than one. How mortals lived before the art of printing was invented we cannot conceive! Surely the dwellers in remote country villages were to be pitied. But now by the medium of the newspaper we can learn all things desirable and undesirable; can be taught to keep house, carry on a farm, and last but not least, adorn our dwellings with the fairest of God's gifts—the pure, sweet flowers, which fully repay all the expense and attention they receive at our hands. The culture we bestow upon them is returned to us a hundred fold. The mind has a certain vegetative power which cannot remain inactive. If it is not employed and cultivated into a lovely garden it will soon become overrun with weeds of a wild, rank growth, and bear vicious fruit. Let us cherish a love for flowers in our children's heart—encourage them to tend and cultivate flowers—to love the Beautiful wherever it can be seen, and we shall learn—

"There is a religion in every flower,
Its still small voice is as the voice of conscience.
Mountains, and oceans, planets, suns, and systems,
Bear not the impress of Almighty power,
In characters more legible than those
Which He has written on the tiniest flower,
Whose light bell bends beneath the dew-drop's weight."

—*New England Farmer.*

☞ They have very cold weather out West, as a sort of counterbalance to our spring weather here.

☞ That was a profound philosopher who compared advertising to a growing crop. He said, "The farmer plants his seed, and while he is sleeping the corn is growing. So with advertising; while you are sleeping or eating, your advertisement is being read by thousands of persons who never saw you or heard of your business, nor never would had it not been for your advertising."

☞ The California News Letter gives its news in such a very epitomized form that the full meaning is altogether lost at times. For instance, the other day it stated briefly: "Man hanged for disagreeing with his brother-in-law." We were at a loss to discover why a family quarrel was thus severely punished, till we learnt from another source that the man in question disagreed so violently with his brother-in-law that he actually "went against his stomach"—with a bowie knife.—*Pun.*

☞ AN OFFICIAL VISIT.—The Milwaukee Sentinel tells a funny story of a late official visit to the Reform School at Waukesha. The boys belonging to the institution were assembled together for the purpose of being "talked to" by the members of the committee. The Governor was the first gentleman to make remarks, in the course of which he asked the boys if they could tell him what the committee came for. To which a bright little boy at once responded: "Yes, sir, to be reformed!".

☞ Mr. Burlingame must have a nice time of it, getting $70,000 gold a year from China for "travelling expenses."

☞ A New York burglar recently on being arrested whilst attempting to "bust" a safe, gave his name as "Horace Greeley."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been more doing. Sales 9000 bbls Pennsylvania at $4,25@4,50 for superfine; $5@5,50 for Pennsylvania extra family; $5,50@6 for North-West extra family; and $5,50@6,25 for Ohio family. 400 bbls of Rye Flour sold at $4,87½@5 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been more inquiry for Wheat. 56,000 bus Pennsylvania and Western red at $1,25 for prime; $1,22@1,23 for fair to prime; $1,18@1,20 for common. 16,000 bus of white sold at $1,50@1,60 ₱ bus, as to quality. Rye—2800 bus sold at 86@91 ₱ bus. Corn—Sales of 15,000 bus old Western and Pennsylvania at $1,@1,01; and 65,000 bus of new at 80@91c ₱ bus. Oats—50,000 sold at 53@57c ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Sales of 500 bbls new Mess Pork at $25@29. Mess Beef may be quoted at $20,50@21 for city packed extra family. Bacon; sales of plain and fancy canvassed hams at 18@19½c; Excelsior Hams at 21c; sides at 16@18c, and Shoulders at 12½@14c. Green Meats; sales of 600 tcs pickled Hams at 15@16½c, and Shoulders, in salt, at 11½@12c. Lard; sales of 675 bbls and tcs at 16½@17½c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs at 18@20c. Butter; sales of good roll at 25@30c; very choice do at 35c; choice New York tub at 42@43c; Penna and Western and solid packed ranges from 16 to 22c. Cheese; sales at 16@16½c. Eggs sell at 23@26c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—1200 bales of middlings sold at 25½@26c for uplands and 26½@27c ₱ lb for New Orleans.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $3,50@5 for Western and New York. Dried Peaches and Apples—Sales of Apples at 8½@12c, and Peaches at 20@30c for quarters, 11@13c for halves, and 12@30c for pared. Cranberries sell at $12@14 ₱ bbl.

SEEDS—Sales of 2300 bus Cloverseed at $7,75@8,12½ for prime quality. Timothy commands $4,75@5. Flaxseed sells at $2,25@2,30 ₱ bushel.

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The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1900 head. The prices realized from 9½@10¾ cts ₱ lb. 100 Cows brought from $50 to 75 ₱ head. Sheep—13,000 head were disposed of at from 6@6c ₱ lb. 4000 Hogs sold at from $12,50 to 13,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

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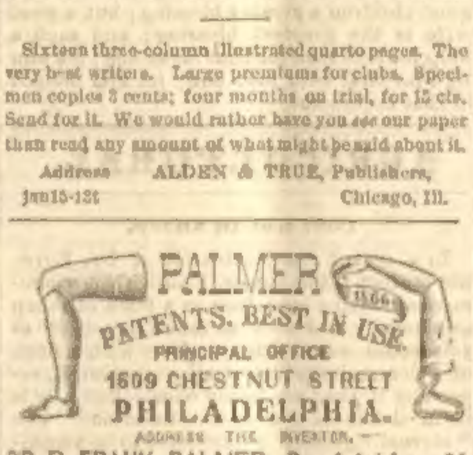

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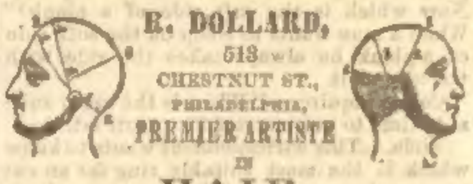
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WIT AND HUMOR.

Answers to Correspondents.

BY MOSE SKINNER.

Hepsy Bubblejaw.—You will probably have to submit to your husband's eccentricities. It doesn't seem hardly the thing for him to bring a stranger home for a couple of weeks, and introduce you as the servant girl, and he is decidedly wrong in saying that a little coffee grounds in the bottom of his cup would be considered sufficient *grounds* for divorce. I don't know your husband, but I should judge that when he was born his mother perpetuated a fraud.

Julia asks—"Where, O, where can true love be found?" In the sensation newspapers.

Job Spittlehouse.—There is no stated rule for writing love letters. You should write on *fools*-cap paper, and bear on as soft as you can, using words of such burning love that they will sizzle on the point of the pen. It is also advisable to sling in a hunck of pathos occasionally, such as, "Dearest Augustus, I love you with a love larger than an elephant's; I think of you every day, and by-and-by, when the days grow longer, I shall think of you twice a day." It is also well to put an ink-blot in the corner, with the observation, "Darling, I kissed this spot," or, "I hove a sigh in this vicinity." A tear or two aren't bad, if dropped in the right place. If you are short of tears, a drop of vinegar is good.

W. B., Chelsea.—Yes, George Washington is dead.

Scholar says—"I okasionly dabble in poetry, and my friends say that I have gut talenks. I send you one of my poims, wich took the prize in our town last xamination, and you can print it, if you don't think them Atlantic Monthly fellers will go for it:—

"A REVERIE.

I.

"I had a dreme,
I thought I was alone, alone;
O! it did seme
So sad, away from home, from home.

II.

"My head upon my hand
I lent, I lent;
My eyes upon the sand
I bent, I bent.

III.

"I thort of other daes,
And things, and things;
Of happy, childish plase,
And strings, and strings."

Your style is certainly vigorous, and your pathos defies competition, still I shouldn't blame your family for looking forward to your funeral with a calm and tranquil joy.

Horatio.—No; Mr. Warren, at the Museum, never plays "Little Eva."

John.—You are right; Charles Dickens was the largest exporter of specie from the United States for 1868.

Ralph says—"A fellow married my sister, with the agreement that she should dress in bloomer costume, and now he won't let her. Can she sue him for breach of promise?" No, but she can for a *promise of breeches*.

Amelia asks—"How long does the honeymoon usually last?" It depends upon the quality of the honey. If it is thick and sweet, it lasts between several weeks; but if thin and watery, it sours dreadful quick; when the moon changes, a matrimonial storm immediately follows, and you are cast into a Chicago divorce court. It is like a good many other sweet things, awful nice for awhile, but followed by a bad taste in the mouth.

Otis says—"The other night my uncle was telling his adventures in California, and said when he first went out there he was glad to sleep on the soft side of a plank. Now which is the soft side of a plank?" When a man wants to sleep on the soft side of a plank, he always takes the side with the *nap* on it.

Carrie inquires—"When is the most suitable time to get married?" April 1st.

Viola.—This correspondent wants to know which is the most suitable ring for an engagement-ring. A *seal* ring is very good; so is a *bridle* ring. Some think the ring of a tolling bell very appropriate.

O. Shaw, Providence.—You say you ordered a suit of clothes from your tailor, and told him you would pay him some time; but he laughed in your face, and told you that "tailors didn't *trust* in Providence." What did he mean? O, Shaw, don't bother me.

Jockey.—Your idea that Dexter must be a very musical horse, because he "beats time" so much, is erroneous.

Henry asks—"What made Pharaoh and his host cross the Red Sea?" Because they wanted to get on the other side.

Thomas, Cambridge, says—"I am seventeen years old, and madly in love with a beautiful young lady of eighty-seven, who loves me with all the ardor of her youthful passion. The marriage has been broken off twice because her mother says she is too young. I have been pining away ever since June third, and have the nightmare every afternoon. What shall I do?" Keep on pining till you pine away, and then go into a pine box.

A Disappointed Parent says—"My only son is twenty-three years of age, but sadly deficient in education. I have sent him to the best schools in the land, but he doesn't know anything, and, in fact, ain't good for anything. What shall I do with him?" Dress him up in a tall hat, moustache and cane, and let him stand on the corner of Washington street and stare at respectable women.

Bachelor.—No. Kissing your neighbor's wife is not considered "legal tender."

Old Settler.—You say that when Washington was in Boston you drank a glass of beer at his expense. It was probably on Washington's treat then.

Ella asks—"Do you think skating is healthy?" Yes, I know it is, for the man who keeps the skating-rink told me so.

Dyspeptic asks—"Are mince pies good for dyspepsia?" Yes, they are first-rate for dyspepsia, but awful bad for the man that's got it.

Historicus asks—"How long have you had horse-cars in Boston?" From ten to fifteen feet.

*** Several tons of letters are standing over to be answered in our supplement.—*True Flag.*

☞ A Missouri man was recently married, as he said, "to quiet a fuss in the church."

WHY NOT?

Eh! Why not go in for a little more false hair, and do the thing completely?

The Bull and the Elephant.

Shavy was a quarrelsome old fellow, who, though born a Quaker, had been read out of meeting for his overbearing and irritating disposition. He owned the crossest dog, and the most troublesome steers, and the wildest cows in the neighborhood. He was always in "hot water" with his neighbors in consequence of his unruly stock. But Shavy came to grief, one day, in a way which taught him a lesson. The story is thus told:—

A short time since, Van Amburg's menagerie was obliged to pass his residence. A little before daylight, Nash, the keeper of the elephant, Tippoo Saib, as he was passing over the road with his elephant, discovered Shavy, seated upon a fence, watching a bull which he had turned upon the road. It was pawing and bellowing, and throwing up a tremendous dust generally.

"Take that bull out of the way," shouted Nash.

"Proceed with thy elephant," was the reply.

"If you don't take that bull away, he'll get hurt," continued Nash, approaching, while the bull redoubled his furious demonstrations.

"Don't trouble thyself about the bull, but proceed with thy elephant," retorted Shavy, rubbing his hands with delight at the prospect of a scrimmage—the old fellow having great confidence in the invincibility of his bull, which was really the terror of the whole county around.

Tippoo Saib came on with his uncouth, shambling gait; the bull lowered his head and made a charge directly at the elephant.

Old Tippoo, without even pausing in his march, gave his trunk a sweep, catching the bull on the side, crushing in his ribs with his enormous tusks, and then raised him about thirty feet in the air—the bull striking upon his head as he came down, breaking his neck and killing him instantly.

"I'm afraid your bull has bent his neck a little," shouted Nash, as he passed on.

"Bent!" cried old Shavy, with a troubled look at his dead bull; "thy elephant is too heavy for my beast—but thee will not make so much out of the operation as thee supposes. I was going to take my family to thy show, but I'll see thee and thy show in Jericho before I go one step; and now thee may proceed with thy elephant."

A Compromising Spirit.

Recently, in New Orleans, a sable Adonis, named Edward Chandler, was up as a witness in a case of assault and battery. The pugilists were two females of the same ebony hue with Edward himself, and a little inquiry as to the cause of the disturbance soon revealed the fact that they both claimed the dusky Lothario as their husband. Both asserted that they were lawfully married to him, and the severest cross-examination failed to disclose any flaw in the statements of either.

"Why, you rascal, you must be a bigamist," said the judge, turning wrathfully toward Edward.

"Sar?"

"You've married both of these women?"

"Yes, sar—but dey needn't fight about it, dough."

"Don't you know this is a criminal offence of yours?"

"Sar?" replied Edward—the white of his eye enlarging, and looking into the judge's face.

"I have to arrest you for bigamy."

"Dat so?"

"Yes."

"Den don't say no mo' 'bout it, and I'll lib wid 'em bofe," rejoined the complacent Edward, adjusting his hat, and walking leisurely from the court-room.

A DEAD ROSE.

BY LEANDER K. LIPPINCOTT.

My proud queen she gave me a rose—
A rose that itself was a queen;
And my queen, ah! she knows, she knows
She herself is a rose, I ween,
And a rose is more than a queen.

The rose, it had lain on her breast—
Its perfume was only her breath;
But torn from that refuge so blest,
What remained for the rose?—only death,
Since it borrowed sweet life from her breath.

Oh, rose! thou poor rose of my queen!
Oh, queen! thou proud queen of the rose!
Oh ghost of the love that has been!
Thy steps haunt my heart's sad repose,
They fall like dead leaves from the rose!

THE DAISY.

Il m'aime un peu, beaucoup, passionnement, pas du tout!

"Answer me, sweet little daisy,—
Answer me, and tell me true,
Is the love returned, or hopeless,
That I cherish—hid from view?"
And replied the little daisy,
As I plucked it leaf by leaf,
"Ask me not: suspense is better
Than a truth-revealing grief."

But I rent the little flower,
Cast its blossoms to the wind;
For a foolish superstition
Had possession of my mind.
And repeated in rotation,
As I let each white shred fall,
"Does he love me much? A little?
Passionately? Not at all?"

And the last words of the daisy
Tolled a knell upon my ear,
For I felt that it had spoken
Truth I long had feared to hear.
All too late! Alas, I love him
With a love beyond recall!
Deep within my heart 'tis buried;
For he loves me—not at all!

A Good Wife.

The following sentences from Archbishop Secker's "Wedding Ring" are worth reading twice:

Hast thou a soft heart?—it is of God's breaking. Hast thou a sweet wife?—she is of God's making. The Hebrews have a saying, "He is not a man that hath not a woman." Though man alone may be good, yet it is not good that man should be alone.—"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above." A wife, though she be not a perfect gift, is a good gift, a beam darted from the Sun of mercy. How happy are those marriages where Christ is at the wedding! Let none but those who have found favor in God's eyes find favor in yours.

Husbands should spread a mantle of charity over their wives' infirmities. Do not put out the candle because of the snuff. Husbands and wives should provoke one another to love; and they should love one another, notwithstanding provocations. The tree of love should grow up in the midst of the family, as the tree of life grew in the garden of Eden. Good servants are a great blessing; good children a greater blessing; but a good wife is the greatest blessing; and such a help let him seek for that lacks one; let him sigh for that hath lost one; let him delight in that enjoys one.

AGRICULTURAL.

Foot Rot in Sheep.

In a recent communication of Dr. Boynton on foot rot in sheep, I notice he recommends treating each foot in a flock of sheep as carefully and with as much precision as you would a sore finger. Now with a flock of a dozen sheep that is all well enough, especially if they are fancy ones. But how is it in flocks of one to five hundred? The "eternal vigilance" would have to be accompanied with a great amount of very disagreeable labor.

Now I propose to give my experience briefly in this matter of foot rot. In the first place, I went through "the mill" when I was a boy, and "lived out;" and learned something of the process of doctoring with vitriol in the old fashioned way. In 1846, after commencing for myself in Vermont, I had a flock of about 130 sheep, and they got the foot rot, and got it badly. Well, I went to work and worked two whole days—I was alone in those days—on that flock, paring and plastering, and I remember well what a miserable, dirty, back-aching job it was. Well, the sheep got better—a good deal better—but after awhile they began to grow lame again; either a relapse of old cases or the coming on of new; probably both. I thought to myself, this will never do. I can't go that job over again, I must devise some wholesale mode of doctoring. So I went to work and built a small yard in a part of the pasture nearest the house, in which I put my salt troughs, and when the sheep had got a little salt hungry, called them into the yard, gave them their salt, shut them in and kept them long enough to be sure they all found the salt. As soon as the sheep had got used to coming into the yard after their salt, I placed a trough six or eight feet long on the ground in the narrow gate way, and fenced it so that the sheep in going into the yard would be obliged to walk the whole length of the trough. The bottom of the trough should be nearly level and wide enough for a sheep to walk in. I put into the trough one or two pails of salt brine, or enough to cover the hoofs, and also a solution of vitriol, and a pound or two of tobacco, steeped. I think I depended as much upon the brine as the vitriol, and I had some faith in the curative qualities of tobacco. At any rate it served to prevent the sheep from licking up the brine. Now the sheep must have their salt, and there was no way to get it but to walk straight through that mixture in the trough. It was fun to see them walk mincingly through it without knowing what it was for. In a short time my sheep were cured, and remained cured while I owned the flock, nearly two years.

Any flock of sheep I believe may be cured of foot rot in that same way. I never knew a flock of over a hundred that was ever perfectly cured in any other way. My neighbors at the time advised me to take out a patent for my discovery; but I never did. So every sheep raiser has the right to adopt my plan, or the old one of paring and plastering by hand.—*A. G. Noyes in N. E. Farmer.*

Value and Culture of Apples.

By no earthly process, in my opinion, can so much nutriment be so cheaply extracted from four square rods of ground as by planting an apple tree in the centre, and giving it good cultivation.

Apples need the ground, the whole of it, and all it contains, but "immemorial usage" allows an apple tree no rights that husbandmen are bound to respect; it is haggled and mangled, roots and branches, and the soil exhausted in the production of other crops. Charging the apples with the ground they actually grow upon and appropriate, they give far better returns as food for man or beast than corn, wheat or potatoes.

New York, particularly western New York, has a character at home and abroad for fruit. If a better apple country was ever made, I confess I never heard of it. We occupy the precise position where the tree is hardy and healthy, and the fruit comes nearest perfection.

I know of no ordinary farm crop that at all compares, during a series of years, with apples, if we take into the account the small expense at which they are raised. Should we reduce the yield to one-half barrel to the tree, apples would still be our most profitable crop.

I boldly claim that the average of our orchards could be doubled by good cultivation.

An acre of ground that will produce forty barrels of good fruit, ought to be excused from growing grain. Whatever grain or root crops are grown upon it, detract doubtless more than they are worth from the apple crops. We cannot, without great expense and trouble, return to the soil all the elements which our wheat, corn and potatoes take from it. When I hear of trees standing near a wood pile, in the corner of a fence, near the barn, or the hog pen, or the kitchen door, I am prepared for a big yield. The great majority of our apple trees are either starved or go very hungry.—*H. T. Brooks.*

Rearing Trout.

Any one with a spring of good soft water at his command can secure the luxury of brook trout upon his breakfast table every morning for six months in the year. We heard of a Massachusetts farmer who, this season, besides supplying his own table with those delicious fish, sold three hundred pounds of fish at fifty cents per pound. His pond was made and stocked only two years ago at an expense of $35, and covers about an eighth of an acre of land, and he fully expects to triple the product next season. Now, independent of the pleasure derived from rearing the fish and the luxury of eating them, and taking a mere practical dollars and cents view of the case, we cannot conceive how an eighth of an acre of land can be made to yield as much clear profit under any species of cultivation.

Solon Robinson, who is known to all agricultural readers as a practical man whose opinions are worth something, has been among the fish breeders of New England this summer, and says that the only difficulties he can see in the way of pisciculture becoming a profitable branch of rural economy is the difficulty of providing for the fish a sufficient quantity of animal food. We fancy the animal offal from most households would go a long way toward furnishing a supply. Let the viscera of poultry and animals slaughtered for the table and for market be passed through an ordinary sausage grinder or cutter, and they will furnish ample food for many more trout than would suffice the home demand.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

Arab Horses.

They never lie down night nor day; they are always kept standing—and even after a long journey, are only suffered to give a tumble or two on the sand, and then made to rise. This custom prevails all over Egypt. A real Arab steed is worth from three to five hundred pounds. The mares only are prized, and these must neither bite nor kick, or they are deemed vicious; indeed, they are so free from vice, that it is common to see the Bedouin children playing under their bellies. When an Arab sells his mare, he rarely sells all his property in her; he disposes of what he calls a third or fourth, which is merely a reservation of the second or third foal for himself or his family. Their genealogy must be proved at Mecca, for one race only is valued, which is that of the Prophet's favorite mare. Mahomet, it is said, prized this animal for refusing to drink after a long journey in the desert, when he called his stud from the well, and this mare was the only one to leave the water. It is so difficult to get a thoroughbred Arab mare to send out of the country, that I doubt if any ever go to England.—*Madden's Travels.*

RECEIPTS.

CHICKENS EN TIMBALE.—Prepare a batter with two spoonfuls of flour, some grated nutmeg, four eggs, stirred in, one at a time, and some new milk, but do not make it too thin. Fry it as if for pancakes, but remember to have a very thin layer in the frying-pan, and brown it only on one side. Cut each pancake (all but two or three) in half, place a whole one at the bottom of a mould previously buttered, and the others round the sides, fill the mould nearly with a thick mince of chicken, moistened with good white sauce. Turn the ends of the pancakes over it, and cover the top with a whole one. Bake it in a moderate oven, and when done, turn it out, and dish it with good gravy. It makes a nice side-dish.

WINTER SQUASH TO BAKE.—Take a good squash; cut it up and take out the seeds, but do not pare it; put it in the oven and bake till tender; mash with butter, pepper and salt.

THE RIDDLER.

Problem.

The men employed in a factory work 12 hours, the women 9 hours, and the boys 8 hours, each day; for laboring the same number of hours, each man receives a half more than each woman, and each woman a third more than each boy; the entire sum paid to *all* the women each day is double of the sum paid to all the boys; and for every five dollars earned by all the women each day, twelve dollars are earned by all the men. Required—To find the number of each class employed, the entire number being 59. FELIX.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

The sum of the squares of the extremes of four numbers in arithmetical progression is 200; and the sum of the squares of the means is 136. Required—The numbers.

Miami Station, Mo. WILL.

☞ An answer is requested.

Word Square.

Form a "word square" with five words of five letters each that may be read backwards and forwards, up and down, each reading giving a different word.

Send solution to

ARTEMAS MARTIN,
Box 70, McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Conundrums.

☞ Why should children never be taken to artists' studios? Ans.—Because of them easels (the measels) there.

☞ If all the women went to Shanghai, where would the men go? Ans.—They'd go to Pekin (peek in.)

☞ EQUALITY.—Why is the letter "O" like the equator? Ans.—Because it is a circle dividing the gl-o-be into two equal parts.

☞ If a woman were to change her sex, what sort of a being would she become? Ans.—She would be a he then—a heathen.

☞ Why are clouds like coachmen? Ans.—Because they hold the rains.

Answer to Last.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"For wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired, are not to be compared to it."

Editor of the Riddler—The answers to my "coin" Problem of Oct. 23rd, 1869, published in the POST of January 1st, are all wrong.

By mistake I rent the probability of *striking* instead of the probability of *not* striking. I wrote once to correct the error, and probably repeated it.

The probability "that the coin will go through without striking" is 0.0434, and the probability that it will strike the wire is 0.9566.

In the calculation of these answers the diameter of the wires, being small, is neglected.

If the thickness or diameter of the wires be taken into account, the probability of striking would be a little greater.

Those who would know more about the nature of this Problem, are referred to the "*Reprint of the Mathematics from the Educational Times*," vol. 1, pp. 56–58; and to the "*Lady's and Gentleman's Diary*," for 1869, pp. 89, 90, where they will find a complete discussion of the general Problem of which the one under consideration is a particular case.

I observe that answers conflicting with mine are given to a great many of my Problems; but I cannot spare time to disprove them. If the *solutions* were published, it could be more readily seen whose were correct.

We *need* a MATHEMATICAL PERIODICAL, devoted largely to Problems and solutions. Why have we not one? I am asked this question every few days.

While almost every other science has its own appropriate journal, the science of mathematics is without any particular organ in this country; and those who want a mathematical periodical, are compelled to patronize a foreign publication. We have the "American Naturalist," the "American Entomologist," the "American Artisan," &c.; why not the American Mathematician?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

WINTER SQUASH TO BOIL.—Cut up your squash and wash it; put it in boiling water, and have only water enough to barely cover it; as soon as you can stick a fork through it, it is done; drain—throw in some salt—set it on the stove and let it remain a few minutes (uncovered) to dry out the steam; now mash it until it has no lumps; a piece of butter improves it, and if it is very dry and mealy, so as to almost choke you to eat it, add a little sweet milk when you mash it. Squash should boil briskly.

VELVET CREAM.—To a pint of cream put a very little sugar, keep stirring it over the fire till the sugar is dissolved, and then take it off; but keep on stirring it till it is about the warmth of new milk, after which pour it through a fine colander into a dish containing three spoonfuls of lemon or orange-juice, a little grated peel and a little fruit marmalade, chopped small, with two spoonfuls of white wine. This should be prepared the evening before it is wanted.

A PIPPIN PUDDING.—Boil six apples well; take out the cores, put in half a pint of milk thickened with three eggs, a little lemon-peel, and sugar to the taste; put puff paste round your dish, bake it in a slow oven, grate sugar over it, and serve it hot.

ANOTHER.—Take the pulp of two large roasted apples, the peel and juice of one lemon, the yolks of six eggs, two Savoy biscuits grated, a quarter of a pound of butter melted, and sugar to your taste. Beat the ingredients together, put a puff paste round your dish, and bake it.

TO FIX PENCIL DRAWINGS.—The plan generally pursued by artists is to dissolve a piece of gum the size of a pea in a tumbler of cold water, and with a camel's-hair brush pass the solution lightly over the surface of the drawing. Leave it untouched until dry.

ANOTHER WAY.—A teacupful of rice boiled in a pint and a quarter of cold water; this poured off and another pint and a quarter added; the moment it boils the liquid is to be poured into a jug and left to stand about ten minutes till the sediment sinks to the bottom. This clear liquid is to be kept for use and applied to pencil-drawings warm. It may be poured into a tea-tray, and the drawing laid upon its face on the liquid, and then pinned by a corner to dry.